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**IN THE WAKE OF  
Magellan**

427 years ago Ferdinand Magellan, Portuguese adventurer and explorer, commanded the first fleet to sail out of the storm-swept South Atlantic into the blue waters of the Pacific. Magellan pioneered a new route to the East . . . discovered many islands and proved that the globe could be circumnavigated by sea. Due to the pioneering spirit of this great explorer, access was gained to the riches of the Pacific, the bounteous products of the islands found their way to European markets and Western goods flowed into the market places of Oceania. \* \* \* But the growth of European-Pacific trade was tardy because the route was long and shipping services slow. \* \* \* Australian National Airways, inspired with the spirit displayed by

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# The GINGER- BREAD MAN

**R**ONNIE MAIN'S love life was a saga of backpedaling. From the time when he first crowed "bye-bye," his life was one long effort to get away from women who wanted to Mother him, Uplift him, Reform him, Inspire him, and of course Marry him. Before he had time to feel anything but a mild interest in a girl, she had already made up her mind that he Needed her. Sadly enough, Ronnie might have liked women if they had given him half a chance.

Ronnie was not a lady-killer to the naked eye. He was lanky and undeniably plain, so that every woman he met thought she was unique in discovering his charm. Therein lay his deadly danger.

It awaited him at every turn. Hostesses pursued him relentlessly. Men in his unit were always trying to drag him home to meet their sisters. The pressure was terrific. Yet never in all his perilous twenty-eight years had Ronnie become engaged until now.

He stood on the pavement, a forlorn figure despite his spruce captain's uniform, looking into the unhelpful face of a large block of flats, wondering how it had ever happened and how he was going to backpedal this time without running over somebody's feelings. He was acutely miserable at the prospect of inflicting pain on a girl who had done nothing to deserve it beyond accepting his proposal. For he had proposed. There was no doubt about that.

He would never forget how lonely he had been the day he had sent the wire to Joyce Dealman reading, "Will thou be mine reply prepaid." The fact that she had accepted prepaid just made it all the worse.

It was a foolish impulse that he spent many weeks regretting. He realized that he would have to backpedal again, with more finesse than ever before. It took all the shine off the prospect of his leave.

And now the dreaded hour had come. He drew a deep breath, walked with a firm step into the building, and found the name on the board, "Miss J. Dealman."

He stepped into the lift. When it delivered him, he still hadn't the faintest idea of how he was going to extricate himself from Joyce. He quivered at the thought that she might rush at him and throw her arms round him. She would have every right, after that telegram. And if she did, it would be pretty hard to tell her right away that it was all off.

Blanking his mind as much as possible, he pressed the bell.

The door opened on a young woman who was about his age and a head shorter. She had a gleaming crop of hair, and coal green eyes. "She's certainly lovely," he thought. "No wonder she stayed in my mind."

"Hello, Ronnie," she said. "Come in." She did not throw her arms round him. Check one up for his side.

Instead, she turned a shoulder of her glamorous house gown to him and led him into the living-room.

A table was set with a white cloth and silver and crystal. Ronnie's heels switched to change places with his toes. This was Setup No. 1, he knew from old experience. This was "See-how-domestic-I-am, how-comfortable-I-can-make-you."

Better tell her right off, he thought, before the spell had a chance to work. "Joyce—" he said. "Do sit down," she said quickly. He found himself pressed into an



*"She's certainly lovely," he thought. "No wonder she stayed in my mind."*

easy chair and at once he felt the strong jaws of the trap tightening on him. His hands gripped the arms of the chair.

"Joyce, there's something—"

"Ronnie." She sat down opposite him. "Forgive me, Ronnie. Before I say anything, there's something I have to tell you."

He still gripped the chair arms, on guard, suspicious. Every one of the numerous devices that determined females had ever employed to outwit him flashed through his mind. "What?" he said carefully.

She looked at the floor. "I'm afraid I've done an unforgivable thing to you, Ronnie. I haven't the slightest intention of marrying you. You see, I—I'm married."

He just looked at her, trying to grasp it.

He waited for the enormous relief he was sure should be flooding him. Instead, he realized with surprise he was more than a little bit angry.

"Were you married all the time?" he said at last.

Her eyes widened. "Oh, no. Just a short time ago. Just before my husband went away."

"I see." He could think of nothing else to say.

"Believe me, Ronnie. Nobody could hate me more than I hate myself for doing this to you."

He managed a tight grin. "Cheer up. I don't hate you." He rose uncertainly.

"Just between you and me," she said, mischief flickering across her face, "you don't care a bit, do you?"

Ronnie couldn't restrain a slow smile. "Not fair. A man must keep his mystery."

"I'm afraid it is." There was nothing else to do but go. And then, unbelievably, he heard her say,

"Are you sure you don't want a slice of noble renunciation?"

"No, just the truth."

"Well, I did have my doubts. But how did you know?"

"I have a divining-rod. It tells me when my so-called fiance doesn't write me a single letter." Then suddenly she was laughing. Ronnie found himself laughing, too. "The mortgage is lifted," she said. "You're free and clear." She handed him his cap.

Yes, he was free and clear. But it didn't seem sporting of her to have dangled this nice set-up, this tempting table before him, and then deny them to him. He tried to look like Old Mother Hubbard's dog. "I suppose you're expecting someone else to dinner, then?"

With a slight start of surprise she glanced at the table as if it had been put out by elves. "Oh, that, I always set a place for my husband. If he should walk in to-day, to-morrow, the next day, he would find everything waiting for him."

Sound pretty good, Ronnie thought a little enviously. He twirled his cap. He was conscious of an insane desire to prolong the visit.

"What's your husband's name?"

She hesitated a moment. "Bill."

"What's he like?"

"Oh, short and round and jolly. Refreshingly normal. But heavens, you don't want to hear me rave about him."

"Well—" Ronnie went to the door. Joyce was holding it open. She certainly was in a hurry to get rid of him. "I suppose," he said, casting one last lingering look at the table, "that Bill would disapprove of your doing war work for starving soldiers?"

"I don't know."

Only a blind woman could fail to see that he was hungry, he told himself resentfully. Would it hurt this cool, self-sufficient creature to offer him a little nourishment? "Is it too late to ask you out to dinner?" he said broadly.

"I'm afraid it is." There was nothing else to do but go. And then, unbelievably, he heard her say,

"You wouldn't care to take potluck with me?"

Ronnie wheeled and tossed her his cap. This time when he sat down in the easy chair he stretched his long legs, let back his head, and relaxed. No need to be on edge now, to guard his tongue. This was good. He said with a grin, "How did you come to send your wife?"

She looked at him sidelong. "How did you come to send yours?"

"Ah," he said. "Ah. It's a long

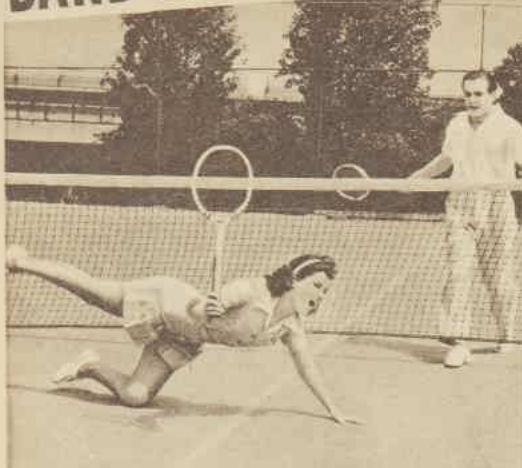
story." He had a sudden urge to confide in her, to tell her all. But she was doing enough by taking him in without listening to his troubles.

He became aware of her voice saying, "How did we happen to meet in the first place? It slips my mind."

It had slipped his mind, too, but he was a little bit piqued that she hadn't remembered. That was a woman's job. "Wasn't it at a wedding reception?" he asked.

Please turn to page 4

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## The Ginger-bread Man

Continued from page 3

J oyce nodded.

"Yes, you were encircled by women and in your magnificent rear-guard action you stepped on my toe. And, of course, I remember the times we went out together. There were three of them, weren't there?"

"Four," said Ronnie, a trifle hurt.

He rose to help her put the food on the table, and they sat down to dinner. For potluck it was a much better meal than he might have expected, and Ronnie found himself eating heartily. After he had helped her to wash up, and they were sitting companionably together in the lounge, a haunting sadness crept over Ronnie. "Look," he said. "This chap Bill wouldn't be stuffy enough to object to your taking in a homeless soldier now and then?"

"Of course he's not stuffy, but he'd hardly like competition."

"Aren't you going to see any men until he comes back?"

"I see lots of men. I have my work. Bill appreciates the fact that it's absolutely necessary for my patients to transfer their fixations to me, you know. My work's all to do with psychology. I took my degree in it."

Ronnie pricked up his ears. He had forgotten all about Joyce's psychology work. A tiny spring of hope was beginning to bubble. "Patients? Couldn't you fit me into that category?" he asked.

Her green eyes appraised him. "You interest me. From a purely professional point of view, of course. It wouldn't surprise me if you had a complex or two."

"I'm all faced up in complexes," said Ronnie eagerly. "How long would it take to be psychoanalysed?"

She looked undecided. "It's too short a time—but I might be able to give you a little help."

"Or maybe comic relief," said Ronnie. "What do I do about these complexes? For instance," he admitted. "I have to confess to an urge to run away from — well — most women."

"Hm—that sounds a little like an escape complex. We'll have to examine your problem before we find a solution. We'll have to go back to your childhood." Her head fell against the chair; her hair a shining patch against the gold upholstered chair.

She said dreamily. "It reminds me of something. Oh, I know . . . Once upon a time a little old woman baked a Gingerbread Man for a little old man and put it on the window-sill to cool. But the Gingerbread Man decided to run away. Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man . . . That's it! You're the Gingerbread Man. And women keep running after you because you're good enough to eat."

Ronnie felt a fiery blush soar straight to the roots of his hair. "You didn't have that reaction," he reminded her.

"We'll have to keep personalities out of this," she said coolly. "Unless you'd rather drop the whole thing right now?"

"No," Ronnie said. "Go ahead and stick some more pins in me. See if I care."

"Well, now—" she curled up in her chair again—"perhaps we'd better have your childhood. Your parents . . . I ran away from the little old woman, and the little old man, and I can run away from you, I can, I can . . . Or wasn't it that way at all?"

"By golly," Ronnie looked at her with downing respect. "My parents were little old people, and I did run away from them. In a way."

"Tell me about it," said Joyce softly.

He forgot that this was just a game. He began to pour out things he had never poured out to anyone.

"I was an only child and they were old when I was born. I loved them, but they just smothered me. My mother wrapped me in mufflers and kept me on a diet of cough medicine. My father wouldn't let me play football. They picked my job. But when they picked out a wife for me, too, I finally ran. I went and took a job in the country."

"Your first escape," Joyce murmured. "Did you go back home eventually?"

"Yes, I went back. But I never felt tied again." He added a little wistfully. "I was fond of them, but sometimes I longed for a different kind of family. A big family where the parents were too busy to smother the children. Did you have a big family?"

"Yea. Still have."

"Was it fun?"

"Great fun. A family of individualists. Everyone was allowed to go his own way."

An overwhelming desire seized Ronnie to see this family in action, to join, for even a short time, in their casual fun.

He gave her a shy smile. "You couldn't drag me along sometime, I suppose? It would be too much work for your mother."

Joyce laughed lightly. "She wouldn't even know the difference. But—she looked at him shrewdly—"I can't imagine why you'd be interested."

"I am interested. Cross my heart."

"Sometime, then, perhaps?" Her glance went to the clock. Ronnie rose in a hurry.

"May I come again, to-morrow?" he asked.

"To-morrow," she said. "But if you can't make it, don't worry."

He was there on the dot of six. His morning had been spent browsing in the children's section of a bookstore, where he had triumphantly fallen upon a copy of *The Gingerbread Man*. He saw now that the Gingerbread Man had not only escaped from the old woman and old man, but from an assortment of animals who also had a craving for gingerbread.

His study of the story had given him a preview of the evening's programme, and he knew that the big white rabbit was next on the list. All day he had cast round in his memory for someone to play the part of a big white rabbit and had come up with Louise.

Over their coffee, Joyce said to him, "And now the Gingerbread Man runs through a field of clover containing a big white rabbit. Stop, stop, says the rabbit . . . Can you place that?"

"Her name was Louise," he said promptly. "She was pale, with pale blonde hair."

"What was the matter?"

"Her mother and father. The first time I set foot in the door I felt that I was already pasted in the family album. Louise never opened her mouth. She couldn't make a decision of her own. I couldn't help thinking that I'd never be able to go out by myself some night. And I knew she would never do anything independently."

"Um-m-m. So you want a wife who can go out without you, and you want to do the same."

"Once in a while, at least." He grinned.

She picked up the coffee cups and went into the kitchen. She was back in an instant, looking at the watch on her wrist. "Our session to-night is about over," she said. "As a matter of fact, I have to go out."

"You do?" It was absurd how disappointed he suddenly felt. Empty.

She smiled. "You're perfectly welcome to stay here if you like. Don't bother about the washing up."

Before he knew it the door had clicked softly, and he was alone.

In a rush of martyrdom he strode into the kitchen and washed and dried all the dishes.

But when he was through at last loneliness plucked his heartstrings. Suddenly he was filled with fright. They hadn't made any arrangement for the next night. He paced the floor while the clock malignantly stood still. Finally he left, to spend a wretched night. The first thing in the morning he telephoned, but there was no answer.

There was nothing to do but show up at the usual time and hope for the best. He almost couldn't believe it when he found her home.

"I take it you're absolutely all agog to hear about my adventures with the gentle brown cow," he said.

She smiled at him. "I got away from the little old man and

the little old woman, and the big white rabbit, and the gentle brown cow . . . Yes, the gentle brown cow is in order. Was her name Bossie?"

"Bossie." After dinner he told her about it. "Placid and bovine," he concluded.

"The maternal type," she said.

"Everything in its place, including the husband. She was so efficient she would never have needed me for anything but a pet. A man likes to think he's a little bit important in the scheme of things, you know."

"And a man is important," Joyce said quietly. "You've no idea how helpless I am without one. Not only in the big things, but in the little things as well." She laughed deprecatingly, and he was aware of a sudden warm elation. But her next words quickly and horribly dispelled it.

"And now—the little bear cub," she said.

The little bear cub! He had been saving that for the next night. They were almost at the end of the story, and now she was rushing it even more. A cold crust of ice began to form round his heart. Suddenly he didn't care about the little bear cub, or any of the rest of it.

"Didn't you run away from the little bear cub, too?" she protested.

Margie could be the little bear cub, he said reluctantly.

He couldn't seem to keep his mind on it at all. All he could think of was the warm curve of Joyce's lips, the smile in her eyes.

"Aren't you interested," she was saying, "to hear my solution?"

"Already?" he cried in dismay. Well, perhaps it was better this way, he told himself. If it was going to end, it might as well end now. No use holding back the tide, fighting the inevitable. "All right, then."

"You won't break the habit of formation of escape until you've met the fox. Remember the end of the story?"

He knew it word for word. "The Gingerbread Man comes to a stream—"

"Yes," she said with appropriate gravity. "And along comes a fox who graciously offers to take him across. 'Jump on my tail,' says the fox. Then the water gets deeper. 'Jump on my back. Jump on my head. Jump on my nose—'"

"Then snap, snap, gobble—"

"Yess." Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap. She looked down at them. He looked too.

"Where's your wedding ring, Joyce?" he asked.

"On a chain round my neck," she said promptly. "So you see, unless you carry the pattern to its logical conclusion, you may develop a severe psychosis. The sooner you find the right girl—"

"It's too late," he broke in. "I did meet the right girl, but I was running so fast I let her get away."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Joyce softly. "That is too bad. Are you very sure?"

"Sadly enough, I couldn't be surer of anything."

"The world is full of girls," she said.

"Not girls like you," He couldn't help himself. "Joyce, this Bill—it couldn't possibly have been a ghoulish mistake, could it?" He sat on the arm of her chair and gripped her shoulders. "Tell me."

She turned her head away. He couldn't see her face. "You're a very interesting case," she murmured. "Suppose there was no Bill? Wouldn't that old debil flight seize you once more?"

Prayerfully his finger went to her neck, explored it, circled it. There was no chain there. No chain at all. "Joyce—don't play games with me any more."

She looked directly into his eyes. "No, I'm not married," she said.

That was all he needed to hear. He kissed her quickly. Then he drew away. He gave the old panic a chance to seize him. And there was nothing. Nothing but complete and utter happiness. He looked into her eyes. They were demure—eyes—green eyes—green!

"Now I know you," he cried. "Why you're the fox, you vixen!"

(Copyright)



Larry waved from the car, recognising Rita but not her companion.

## I WRITE OF MURDER

By . . .  
**MARY RICHART**

LOOKING back, I don't know why I never thought of falling in love with Larry Moore, or he with me, until he came back from overseas and we got mixed up in a murder case—the affair of Mrs. Thorndyke's elder daughter, Rita.

I've worked for Mrs. Thorndyke since I left High School. I'm sort of half maid, half secretary.

We live in the Thorndyke Gardens, the real show place of the town. There are just two houses in the Gardens, ours and Juanita Benner's. Juanita is Mrs. Thorndyke's younger daughter. The gatehouse is near the bridge, and Juanita went there to live when she married Mr. Benner. It was in August when Larry came home from overseas to burst the bombshell he'd been holding, figuratively speaking, for two years.

It'll have to go back to the beginning for a moment, and that was when Rita Thorndyke Hawkins was killed two years ago, on Hatton Road. Her grey roadster was smashed against a tree at the foot of the hill. The coroner's verdict was accidental death. That big house up six blocks from the bridge on Kippis Street is where she lived. Her little son Donny and her husband, who has married again, still live there.

This, too, in spite of old Mrs. Thorndyke. When Rita died old Mrs. Thorndyke took little Donny to her house and held on to him until the second Mrs. Hawkins walked in one day unannounced, seized Donny, and ran.

Still, the real beginning of this story may not be Rita's death on Hatton Hill, or even Rita. It might begin with Juanita herself, where I passed her in the Gardens as I came out to go to the library one morning. She was walking along the dogwood path, her eyes staring straight ahead, not crying, her face not moving, so terrible looking that I said, "Is anything the matter, Mrs. Ben-

ner?" Juanita's lips moved, but all I heard as she passed me was my name, "Elva."

I turned and looked after her, then went on through the iron gate, for the Thorndykes are full of emotion and hate and suffering, and you learn to take their moods for granted. Juanita was enough like Rita to be her twin, except that something had happened in her childhood to leave a bad scar on one cheek.

As I said, when I passed Juanita I was on my way to the library to get books for Mrs. Thorndyke. Larry Moore was waiting for me when I came out of the library. He had come home two days before. He had telephoned, he said, and the butler told him where I was. He wanted to talk to me about Rita's death.

There's a park across from the library, with a few benches. We sat down and asked each other how

things went, and I asked Larry if he'd ever run across Rita's cousin, Barry, who was now listed as missing in action, and then he told me he didn't believe Rita's death was an accident.

"Go on," I said, looking round to see if anybody was near, in case Larry had lost his mind. He didn't look crazy. He looked handsome and beautiful, and I wondered why I hadn't seen it in those years we lived next door to each other.

Well, he'd been coming over from a farewell party at his aunt's in Trowbridge the afternoon the thing happened, he said. On his way to take a plane at seven o'clock, and being late, he took the short cut through Hatton Wood. In the wood he saw Rita. Her grey car and a blue one were parked side by side on the narrow road, and up in the wood a little way was Rita. He had to slow down to get round the cars. He honked, being exasperated, and Rita turned and waved. There was a man there, too, but he had his back turned, so Larry couldn't recognise him.

"There was a dog frisking about, too," Larry said. He hadn't thought about it at the time, he said, so didn't know whether it was Rita's dog or not. By morning he was en route to England and forgot the whole incident until he received the

newspaper clipping his aunt sent weeks afterward.

Then he realised nothing was said about the man who had been with Rita. Almost at the moment she was killed, he said. He'd figured the time out to the minute. And the spot where he saw her was only a stone's throw from where her car skidded down the hill.

I said, "But you're not being plausible. Larry Rita's car was smashed against a tree. Her neck was broken." I began to get sick inside (I always do), but I said, "Suppose a man was with her? He had to think of the scandal, you know. Anybody could have faked that accident."

Larry didn't answer me, then he said, "That man could have done it. Another fellow and I used to be awake in Normandy, figuring it out. It helped pass time."

After that I sat there shivering while I listened to Larry make out his case for murder. Suppose the fellow socked her too hard, placed her body in the driver's seat, started the car from the running board, and jumped off? Wouldn't it pitch down hill and smash? You bet your life it would, he said.

Anyhow, he said, the police were interested.

They had Mr. Anthony Hawkins at the station questioning him. That didn't necessarily mean anything. Larry said, for naturally Rita's husband would be the first one they would call in. Larry said Sergeant O'Nara had always thought there was something queer about the position of the body. Some bruises on

the back of the head, and on the chin, bothered O'Nara, too.

Sitting there, I began thinking of Rita . . . Rita alive . . . how beautiful and fascinating and rotten she was . . . I could hear her . . .

"Positively, I loathe that house on Kippis Street! I really loathe everybody. My diary is full of loathing. You're in it, too, mother. And you, Juanita . . ."

"Heavens," I said out loud, suddenly remembering that she had hated Mr. Hawkins, too. "Larry, has Mr. Hawkins an alibi?"

Larry's tart answer sent chills curling down my spine. Anthony Hawkins' alibi, Larry said, was as full of holes as a sieve. Mr. Hawkins said he hadn't gone to his office in the city that day. Painting was a hobby with him. He spent that afternoon painting those three birches at the bend of the creek. It was no good at all as an alibi, Larry said. Unless they could find a witness.

It was Larry's notion that I go back to the police station with him.

When Sergeant O'Nara saw us through the doorway, he motioned for us to come in. Mr. Hawkins seemed composed and not at all surprised or embarrassed to see me.

"I'm glad you're here, Elva," he said in his cold voice. "Sergeant O'Nara has asked me a question which you may be able to answer better than I."

I had no idea he meant about himself; I thought the question would have something to do with my living with the Thorndykes. And while I was thinking, I could see Rita as I saw her that last time. She had come alone to her mother's to dinner, and she was dressed as if she were going to Buckingham Palace.

Please turn to page 10



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# SPRING MEETING

**He came suddenly into her life,  
bringing new and unexpected joy.**

**W**HEN Miss Enid Darlington first saw the airman standing outside Brown's bakery she had no intention of speaking to him. She was hurrying along to the post-office to post her letters, after which she went into the store to see if there was any fresh cheese in.

She was in the store some little time and when she came out the airman was still standing there, standing quite alone, at the pavement's edge, gazing idly up the village street.

Miss Darlington noticed then that he was an Australian airman, and she wondered what in the world he was doing there. The street was so empty, so sleepily quiet in the mid-afternoon sunshine. Nothing to interest a smart young airman, she was sure, or promise any kind of entertainment.

Without quite knowing why, her pace slackened and she stopped outside Mrs. Hawkins' baby clothes shop and pretended to be looking at the booties in the window, but out of the corner of her eye she was studying the lonely figure.

He was tall and thin, very young—not more than twenty-two—easily running enough to be her son. If she had ever had a son. The long-buried sub-conscious wish stirred at the thought. And what nice face he had! So fresh-looking, with rough, fair hair and grey eyes.

She glanced again over her shoulder. Why was he standing there all this time? Gazing up the street in that desultory way, as though he had nothing to do, nowhere to go...

Oh dear! Perhaps he had nowhere to go! Perhaps he was lonely, homesick—all these thousands of miles away from home; from some small Australian township, perhaps and friends and family.

The idea troubled Miss Darlington and kept her standing there, gazing from the shop window to the boy's face, unable to abandon him and set off for her own comfortable home, her own delicious little tea in the warm, walled garden—quite a brewer tea to-day, too, with the cake Kate had made and sandwiches of the cheese that David Masey had brought in this morning.

David was always so good to her with trifles like that from his garden.

She fidgeted, snapping the clasp of her bag and passing the wintry puff of hair over her ear as she always did when nervous or upset. How could she go up and speak to this strange young man?

Her agitation seemed to set her

reflection in the shop window wavering—the reflection of a small, thin country lady of uncertain age in a grey knitted suit, good, hand-made blouse, and grey pull-on felt hat.

Then it seemed as though her back straightened a shade, a slightly warmer color rose under her delicate skin, and she crossed the pavement.

The young man, brought back from his trance, heard the crisp voice at his elbow:

"Excuse me..." He turned, threw away his cigarette, and saluted.

"Excuse me, but... are you waiting for someone?"

Hyacinth-blue eyes in a face now almost youthfully flushed were looking up into his.

He shook his head. "Why, no, I'm not waiting for anyone. I got off a Green bus here and just thought I'd take a look round. It looked sort of pretty and old-world."

Her color deepened with pleasure. "Well, of course I think so, but then you see I've always lived here—near here, I mean."

"Yes, you get fond of a place when you've always lived in it," he said simply. "I come from a small town myself, but it seems very important to me."

His smile, broad and friendly, helped her along. She said eagerly: "I'm sure it does. That's just the way I feel about Abbot's Lane Cross.

Though as a matter of fact there are several things here that people come quite a long way to see."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes. The church, for instance. In the crypt there are reliques of the tombs of Saxon kings, and we have a very fine Norman font."

The conversation hung for a moment as they stood there, past and present facing each other in the mellow, ancient street. Then once again her back straightened a shade and she blinked rapidly.

"If you haven't any other engagement for this afternoon," she began, and paused, a little breathless.

"Me? No, I haven't got any engagement," he said.

"Then perhaps you'd drive home with me and have some tea... if you'd care to? But I'd better introduce myself, hadn't I? My name's Enid Darlington."

"That's very kind of you, Miss Ted Clements. I'd like to, very much."

The name struck no chord in Miss Darlington; it had no familiar ring.

She said: "Good. That's splendid. We'll get along then. I'd just finished my shopping and was starting for home." Together they walked towards the green, her shopping-bag on his arm.

Although the street seemed com-



*She gazed thoughtfully at the portraits, unaware of Ted watching her from the door.*

pletely empty, everyone saw them pass along. For through almost as many centuries as the church had stood, dreaming among its yews and crumbling tombstones, the doings of the Darlingtons had been of note to the inhabitants of Abbot's Lane Cross. And this couldn't be altered by the mere fact that Miss Enid—the last of them—was no longer well off but lived at the manor with most of the rooms shut up and only one old servant.

So Mavis Green, marcelling the doctor's wife's hair, observed: "There goes Miss Darlington with such a nice-looking young Australian airman."

Miss Black at the post-office said as she handed stamps to Miss Poster from the school: "That Australian who got off the bus was a friend of Miss Darlington's evidently; they've just passed together." And at the Rectory Mrs. Stokes murmured to

her husband, who was writing his sermon in the summer-house: "Enid Darlington's taking home a guest—an Australian serviceman."

Miss Darlington and her guest set off in the governess cart between the low hedges of brier and hawthorn enclosing small crops palely green.

The spring had come suddenly, triumphantly—primroses and crab apple thrusting eagerly forth, thatched barns and oast houses, the green symmetry of hop fields. Over everything were neatness and settled quiet, the tenaciously held island peace.

Kate had laid tea in the garden, and they went straight through to the shelter of the south wall, leaving behind them the dim rooms so full of family treasures that they seemed

alive: cabinets of crested china, Boule tables and Chippendale chairs, dim portraits and ivory miniatures—the cream of past generations preserved in a proudly reverent present.

It sometimes happens that two opposites—distant in age, country and background—may achieve by some miracle of inner sameness a curiously unexpected friendship. This happened with Miss Darlington and her new-found friend. There was something about him—she couldn't tell what—something of frankness and casualness that seemed to relax a tight cord inside herself and draw her into a swifter, more youthful current of feeling from which, like a timid swimmer, she had pulled aside.

Please turn to page 23



5118.2

**Our new serial—a gay and amusing story of those great favorites, David and Claudia.**

**D**AVID put the electric iron down on the kitchen table.

"I can't do this," he said. "It'll need a new cord."

"Oh, no, it can't," Claudia protested in dismay.

"And why can't it?" he wanted to know in a fairly nasty way.

"Because I must iron a shirt for Bobby for school. He hasn't clean shirts to his name."

"Bobby's shirt notwithstanding, it will need a new cord," he repeated, in a tone which implied that she had used the cord as a skipping-rope, or similarly abused it. It always made her blood boil when he assumed that holier-than-thou attitude to anything that was electrical, and her impulse was to tell him to shut up, even though he hadn't said anything.

There was no doubt that they were getting edgy with each other, and making a valiant effort not to show it. David wore his honorable discharge from the Army like a bruise that hurt at every turn. There had been a time in David's youth when he'd wanted to build cathedrals, but what chance was there now when even desperately needed houses couldn't be built. "Never mind," Claudia told him cheerfully, "the day will come when the world will want cathedrals again."

For the moment they were practically existing on Nancy Riddle's new dairy. It was ironic, Claudia remembered, how when they'd first come to Eastbrooks to live David had turned down the offer to build Nancy's terrace mansion. He wasn't that kind of architect — no, thank you very much, he'd said. Now he said thank you without the "No." Nancy was quite mad, with thousands to spend on a hobby.

"She doesn't know a thing about farming," David chafed, "and her ballifit is a jackass."

"Perhaps we could get the job," said Claudia.

"More truth than poetry," David agreed, with a short laugh. "At least we'd have five pounds a week, free and clear."

She could have bitten her tongue out after she'd said it. It was hard to know what to say these days. The thought had often visited her that she and David would become mental casualties of the war, that they could not wrest their marriage from the hazards of readjustment. It was an ever-increasing strain to handle the new small antagonisms that kept popping up from nowhere to tear at the delicate fabric of their love for each other.

People who loved

each other were the most apt to hurt each other. Even this morning, as he tried to mend the iron for her, his annoyance was an unspoken protest against the fact that she had to use the iron at all. He hated to see her make beds and wash up and cook.

"It's going to be worse now the war is over," David prophesied darkly. "Thousands of us with no jobs."

"You've got a job," said Claudia. "Milking ten cows and a thousand chickens is a job."

"Rather," said David dryly.

"Don't be silly. You know what I mean," said Claudia. "There's new building—"

"Suburban houses," said David.

"I'm waiting for my clean shirt," said Bobby.

"Iron's busted. You must wear the one you wore yesterday," Claudia explained briefly.

He looked stricken.

"I can't. I put it in the wash. It was dirty."

"Then wear your brown woolly. It looks clean, even if it isn't."

"But I'll roast, I'll smother! I can't stand it!"

"We wore wool in the jungle to keep us cool," David informed him.

"Go on up and put it on, and don't argue."

Bobby held out against the indignity of brown wool.

"I can't wear my brown shirt. It itches," he protested.

"Let it itch," said David callously. "Now march, and do as Mother says."

"Why did the iron break?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said David.

Claudia could feel her nerves crack under the implication.

"Where's Matthew?" she asked quietly, feeling like a saint.

"I can't wear my brown shirt. It itches," Bobby protested.

"How would you like anybody to do that to you?" she demanded.

"I haven't got a tail," said Bobby.

"Stop pushing your porridge round and eat it," said Claudia.

"I itch," he complained.

"That's good," said Claudia.

"My feet hurt," Matthew decided abruptly.

"That's fine," said Claudia. "Next time put your shoes on the right feet."

Bobby and Matthew exchanged baffled glances. It was one of those days that started out with no good to anyone, including the lambs.

"The bus is here!" Bobby exclaimed, with relief.

"Good-bye." He dropped a kiss just short of his mother's ear. "Be home when I get home!"

"Where am I usually?" Claudia inquired, a trifle raucously.

A faint grin tugged at Bobby's lips.

Home was where he liked her to be. It was the way he liked to leave things when he went off to school.

The funny part of it was that she wasn't at home when he got back from school that afternoon.

The toothache began just as she had finished wiping up the bathroom with a towel.

With no warning, it darted through her head like a violent slap on the cheek.

Startled, she cradled her jaw with the palm of her hand.

"I won't do it again," she offered up guiltily, to an unseen vengeance.

"I'll use a mop. I'll use a scrub-

# Brief Heaven

By

**ROSE  
FRANKEN**

"Putting on his shoes," said Bobby.

"He was putting them on an hour ago," David remarked with severity. "Go up and tell him to get a move on!"

It was lucky that David had already departed for Nancy's by the time Matthew ambled downstairs, with his shoes on the wrong feet and Bobby grinning behind him. It was obviously a put-up job between the two of them. Claudia decided not to notice.

"I'll ride down to school with Dad," said Bobby, controlling his mirth against the moment of discovery.

"Dad's already left."

Bobby scowled.

"Why didn't he wait for me?"

"He's got to be back by ten to help Edward with something."

"They're going to cut the lambs' tails," Bobby remembered with relish. "I wish I was here."

"Oh, hush!" Claudia shuddered.

"It doesn't hurt them."

"How would you like anybody to do that to you?" she demanded.

"I haven't got a tail," said Bobby.

"Stop pushing your porridge round and eat it," said Claudia.

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Startled, she cradled her jaw with the palm of her hand.

"I won't do it again," she offered up guiltily, to an unseen vengeance.

"I'll use a mop. I'll use a scrub-

bing-brush," she amended hastily, as the pain increased in fury.

She hadn't had toothache for years, she'd never known that she had teeth, and now all at once she knew that each one of them was inhabited by a devil with a red pitchfork, jabbing pain into her.

A car swept up the front. David was back from Nancy's. She went downstairs to meet him.

"What's the matter?" he asked at once.

"Toothache," she said thickly.

"Hurt badly?"

She nodded mutely.

"Were you eating anything?"

She shook her head. "I was wiping up the bathroom floor with one of the towels."

"That probably did it," he said. "Open."

She opened, and pointed, with a wet gulp, to the region of her lower jaw. He couldn't see anything, but it was a friendly gesture, none the less.

"Better go in to the dentist. If you hurry you'll catch the eleven, I'll take you down to the station."

"But what about Matthew and lunch?"

"I'll look after Matthew and the lunch."

"Your mind'll be on the lambs' tails," she worried.

"They'll come off to-morrow."

Matthew was delighted with the sudden interesting turn that the day had taken. He felt that he had stolen a march on Bobby, and his flattery of David was a subtle and beautiful thing to behold.

Hand in hand, they stood together on the station platform, waving to Claudia as the train slipped past them. She couldn't remember the time when it hadn't been she who'd stood on the platform waving to David. Foolishly, a lump came into her throat. There was such a lonely, deserted look about them as the train left them behind.

She wished it were time to come home again. She wished she hadn't got this ghastly toothache. She wished that life were not suddenly quite so complicated, so full of small, frightening undercurrents beneath the smooth, unripped surface of their quiet lives.





*"What stage work have you done, darling?" Sam asked, surveying Claudia critically.*

David had telephoned to the dentist that she was coming, so she was taken at once into the inner sanctum. Mr. Martin hurried in, whistling a little. He pumped her up in the chair and bent over her, smelling cleanly of antiseptic. His eyes were blue and pleasantly impersonal.

"How's the country?" he asked, with an air of still whistling.

Claudia didn't care how the country was.

"Hurt," she whispered. "Hurt terribly."

"It's that molar," he said immediately. "I warned you it was going to give us trouble if we didn't attend to it."

She relaxed. It was one of life's small securities to have a dentist who was intimately acquainted with your mouth.

"All right," he said brusquely. "Let's begin," Mrs. McNaughton.

In a little while the pain was gone, and so was her jaw and half her lip. She felt enormous and silly on one side of her face. Mr. Martin kept jabbing her with a sharp instrument, and she was affronted because she could feel nothing.

"Now just relax," he said.

She caught a glimpse of gleaming steel, and felt a hideous crushing sound.

"This is silly," she thought, in no great panic.

Mr. Martin said: "Spit out."

She spat out. He showed her the tooth. "It's gigantic," she said. "It

looks like a Shakespearean production I once saw."

"Well, you might feel a little like a Shakespearean production when the cocaine wears off," he said. He studied his appointment book. "You'll need to come again—a stopping. How about a fortnight from to-day?"

They arranged it, and the moment she left the house her eyes sought for the clear red of a phone box. Bobby's voice materialised eventually.

"Hello! Hello! Who? Hello!"

"Bobby," she exhorted him frantically. "It's Mother!"

"Who?"

Indignation quickened him.

"Where are you? You weren't at home. Aren't you coming home?"

"Call Daddy. Be quick. I'm in a public call-box."

"He's in the dairy. Where are you?"

"Call Daddy. At once," she compelled him imperiously.

He said, "All right," reluctantly, and she could tell he wasn't running in the least.

"A man came to buy a heifer," David explained, when he finally got to the phone.

"And did he?"

"He's thinking about it. What was wrong with your tooth?"

"A big, bouncing abcess," she

announced with pride. "It's out. But I have to go back in a fortnight."

He was properly impressed and solicitous.

"Better stay at Julia and Hartley's overnight," he advised, "and save yourself that long journey."

The idea had its allure, especially since a dull throb was creeping beneath the layers of numbness in her jaw.

"But can you really manage without me?" she demurred. "I don't think so."

"We've managed so far," he said. "And we'll appreciate you all the more when you get back."

There must have been something in what he said, because she hung up the receiver with a feeling that they had recaptured the romance of their honeymoon years. She hated the thought of being away from him all night, and the fact that she hated it was the best thing in the world that could happen to her.

She emerged from the box feeling lonely and alone. The thing to do was to go home, anyway, and telephone him from the station to meet her. It would be like a reunion after a long absence.

She went into the light to read her timetable. She wasn't very good at reading timetables, but at last she found the perfect train, leaving in twenty minutes and non-stop to

Eastbrook. But unobligingly it ran only on Sundays, at the bottom of the page. She said one of David's favorite words under her breath. It probably wasn't as much under her breath as she thought it was, for a voice at her shoulder said, "How refreshing!"

She jumped a mile high.

"That's very silly to frighten anybody," she said sternly. "Oh, hullo!"

"Hullo!" he answered. "I wager you don't remember me."

She hadn't seen him for years, hadn't even thought of him, but it was just as if he'd walked past her house yesterday.

"Of course I do!" she said. "Jerry Seymour. You took the cottage down the road a few summers ago to finish a novel."

"Right," he said. "And you've got a brace of Great Danes and a cat."

"Also a brace of children and a husband," she added.

"I never remember things like that," said Jerry.

She observed his well-cut tweeds.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

He seemed surprised.

"Haven't you read the papers? I've written a play," he said. "Sam Goldheart's producing it. We go into rehearsal on Monday. Matter of fact, before I realised who you were, I said to myself, 'That's exactly the type I want for Cornelia!'"

She remembered that she had to find a train.

"Are you any good with timetables?" she suggested hopefully.

"I detest them," he said. "But I'm on my way stationwards, and I'll drop you there and you can ask."

"Thank you," said Claudia. "Who's Cornelia?"

"The girl in my play." And then he added gloomily: "I wish to goodness you could act. You're more like her every minute."

"Don't be silly," she said. "I can act. I was acting the summer we met. In a play called 'Ticket to Heaven' at the Eastbrook Theatre. Don't you remember?"

"No," he said. "I don't remember things like that, either." He steered her across the pavement and called a taxi. "But I want Sam Goldheart to see you."

She hung back. "Why?"

"Just an idea I have," he said, looking quite excited. "Come along."

She continued to hang back.

"I haven't time. I've got a long journey to the country."

He boosted her into the taxi and spoke to the driver. She thought of Bobby's shirt that she had to iron, and a frying-pan she'd left to soak, and David's eyes that weren't happy, but Jerry Seymour would never understand the urgency that commanded her life.

"I've got a million things to do," she said. "And, besides, I don't want to meet Mr. Goldheart."

She might have been the wind blowing for all the attention he paid to her.

"How tall are you?" he demanded. "About five foot four?"

"I don't know in inches," she said, "but I'm about a head shorter than David, and he's six feet."

"That's just right," said Jerry, with growing enthusiasm. "How do you project?"

"David says I do it beautifully," she said.

He gave her a swift glance.

"I can't stop the taxi," thought Claudia philosophically, "but I can make it awfully hard for him."

Mr. Goldheart's office nestled inconspicuously between two theatres. There was a typewritten sign in the small, unpleasant lobby: "No casting—Sam Goldheart."

Jerry rang the bell. After a long wait a lift came rumbling up from somewhere.

Jerry manoeuvred her in, the doors clanged to, there was a whirr, and the lift gulped its ropes and came to a halt. He propelled Claudia into a bare entry filled with people. He shoved her along into a small smoke-filled room with two oak desks, each holding a pair of tweed legs. She followed the course of them and found faces at the other end—a fat, sleepy face, and a narrow, dark face.

"Hello, boy!" Jerry greeted them.

They favored him with no recognition whatsoever.

"I've found a Cornelia!" he announced exuberantly.

"We've got a Cornelia," said the dark face.

"But she's not right," Jerry protested. "I want freshness and youth and—and an unpredictable quality."

Claudia suddenly felt sorry for him. He was like a little rich boy trying to play with a gang of street boys.

The dark face finally moved its legs. "What's she done?"

"Look, sonny boy, we're not running an amateur competition."

"But don't you understand, I must have a certain quality for Cornelia," Jerry insisted. "I want you to read her, Jim."

"Thank you, but I don't want to be read," said Claudia. "I didn't even want to come. I'm going home."

Abruptly the pair of legs swung off the table, and a voice said quickly, "Come back, sister!"

"Please don't call me sister," said Claudia.

"You see what I mean?" cried Jerry triumphantly. "You read her, and I'll tell Sam to see her before he leaves."

He whisked out of the room. Jim hoisted himself to his feet.

"What have you done on the stage, brother?" he asked.

She laughed, in spite of herself.

The sleepy face said: "She's got a good set of teeth. You could see 'em from the balcony."

Claudia wondered whether she ought to tell them that one of her teeth was newly missing, but doubtless what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

"I must be going," she said.

He thrust a script into her hand. "Read a few lines. Where it says 'Cornelia'."

The touch of the manuscript kindled a slumbering fire in Claudia's breast. Once again she was in dramatic school, hovering outside stage doors at matinee time.

"All right, start. Timothy says, 'Why are you in such a hurry—'"

"Because—" Claudia read.

**A** FEW minutes later, Jerry came to the door and announced excitedly, "Sam says he'll see her."

"I don't think I'd better," said Claudia.

"Don't be nervous," Jim said. "Just read as you did for me."

"I'm not nervous," said Claudia. "It's just that this is all a silly waste of time."

Jim put his hand underneath her elbow, and she found herself walking on down the passage to the next doorway. She had expected another little smoke-filled cubby-hole, but the room that lay hidden at the end of the narrow corridor was a vast, luxurious apartment.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo, hullo!" a voice boomed out behind an expanse of mahogany desk. The voice was attached to a large head that seemed to belong to a very big man, but when Sam Goldheart rose to his feet, his legs were noticeably short, and he wore pointed shoes.

"Not what I'd call pretty," Sam decided, looking at her from beneath brows that beetled. "But you have nice legs. How old are you, dear?"

"Twenty-five," said Claudia.

"And what stage work have you done, darling?"

"A play called 'Ticket to Heaven,' at the Eastbrook Theatre. I played Betsy. The producer wanted me for London, but I didn't take it."

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't want to."

"Want a job now, though, don't you?" he asked shrewdly.

His face got ready to burst. He shouted louder than she had expected that he would.

"Then why are you here, wasting my time?" he bellowed.

"I don't know," she said.

"Get out of here, the whole lot of you!" he shouted, banging on his desk. "Stop wasting my time. Send a couple of secretaries in. Why don't I get a little efficient attention? And close that door! Why can't I have some privacy?"

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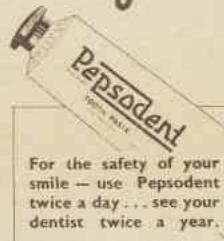
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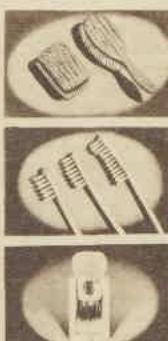
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## I write of murder

Continued from page 5

HER voice, strangled with anger, came vividly back to my mind: "Mother, positively, you wouldn't let Juanita marry Henri Benner, positively you wouldn't!" And old Mrs. Thorndyke saying, "Why not? He's a worm. But why shouldn't Juanita marry a worm? Wouldn't that be better than a man like Hawkins? Some day Anthony will twist that little neck of yours if you don't watch out, my dear."

Mr. Hawkins was talking to me. Did I remember hearing anyone say that day that he'd been painting by the creek? At the time of Rita's accident? I had never liked Mr. Hawkins very much. But I tried very hard to remember—I wanted to be fair to him—but I couldn't. "I'd have forgotten by now, anyway," I said feebly.

He turned back to Sergeant O'Nara. "I've answered your questions patiently, Sergeant. My first marriage wasn't a happy one. I had a blue car, I painted it black later—because it needed painting. That wasn't Rita's dog on the hill. I had Rita's dog with me that afternoon. The dog died afterward—as dogs will. Now may I go?"

Sergeant O'Nara didn't look happy. He said Peterson would have to go with Mr. Hawkins. The Chief would return on the 12.30 and would take over. But until then he had to be careful.

I got away then, and as I passed St. Jean's Church, Mr. Benner, who is the organist, came out. He looked sad and disturbed. "Oh, Elva, this rumor about Anthony cannot be true," he said. "I refuse to believe it! I couldn't do my practising for thinking of it. The police are

cracking!"

Since I'd left Larry at the police station I had been thinking of what Mr. Hawkins said of Rita's dog. I told Mr. Benner about it now—mightn't the dog be a clue?

We sat down on the church steps then and tried to think which of Rita's many admirers had possessed a dog at that time. "Elva," Mr. Benner half-whispered suddenly, "Rita's cousin . . . Barry Thorndyke . . . had a dog. A sort of dark-haired mongrel."

Back at home, Mrs. Thorndyke told me to go down to the gatehouse and tell Juanita to come to her at once. When I came near the gatehouse I could see Juanita peering through the curtains. She opened the door promptly when I rang. After I had delivered her mother's message, she said: "Did you hear on what evidence they arrested Anthony Hawkins?" I told her about the alibi. That it wouldn't hold water because nobody apparently had seen Mr. Hawkins painting the birches down by the creek.

She was young, but she looked tired and old, and the scar on her cheek stood out dead white. "I saw Anthony down by the creek. I'll go over to the police station and tell them," she said . . . and as our eyes met, I knew she was lying.

Then she said, "Donny was in the car as you went by—did mother have a hard time getting him? You probably heard what she said to Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Yes," I said stupidly.

"Mother is wrong," she said. "Absolutely."

I brought the car down then. She asked me to. We drove over to River Street and at the police station she made out her affidavit. Then she asked me to drive to the house on Kipps Street.

She went in alone, of course. When she came out again Mrs. Hawkins followed joyfully.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Benner," she said. "How kind you are!" But Juanita scarcely glanced at the poor thing. She looked hard and mean and cruel again, like a Thorndyke.

"Don't send for Donny," she said harshly. "Let him have dinner with mother. One of us will bring him home later. You may be sure of that." She glanced at me. "Drive on," she said weary, "drive on fast."

When we got back to the gatehouse she asked me to wait a moment. She had something very special she wanted me to do for her, she said.

I waited, and presently I saw her looking through the living-room curtains again. Then she came out hastily, and gave me a small pack-

"I can't go to mother's until later," she said. "Hide this in your room and if I don't come for it by nine o'clock, give it to mother. I'll try to be there, of course. Tell her to read the page where the marker is—if I don't come."

I turned from the telephone and saw old Mrs. Thorndyke, watching me with her hard, black eyes.

"I want you to drive me to that house on Kipps Street," she said.

She hadn't been to that house since the trouble over Donny.

When we got there I helped her up the steps to the screen door. "Don't eavesdrop," she said. "Go back and sit in the car, I'll call you when I'm ready."

She opened the door without knocking. She always told me not to listen, and I never had, but suddenly I was pressed back against the wall . . . I could hear footsteps, then voices . . . the troubled soprano of the second Mrs. Hawkins and the brisk contralto of old Mrs. Thorndyke.

"I've come for Donny," Mrs. Thorndyke's voice was saying. "Get him."

"Donny?" I realised for the first time how sweet and kind the second Mrs. Hawkins was. "Oh, Anthony is innocent! He'll prove it. I'm sorry, but I can't possibly give you Donny."

"I accepted my daughter's death as an accident, but now I see it wasn't," Mrs. Thorndyke said. "I have a secret that will convict your husband in any court. I want my grandchild, and I will humble my pride to get him. Give him to me or I will tell the world that Donny is not your husband's child. He knows it. He discovered the truth—and killed his wife. As men think they have a right to do!"

I slapped my hand over my mouth. To keep my tongue still. Heaven knows Rita had been spoilt and mean, and frequently was the talk of the town. And Mr. Hawkins had been cold and distant. But I'd never dreamed of this. I went over and sat on the steps, and presently they came out. Mrs. Thorndyke and little

Donny . . .

Since I'd left Larry at the police station I had been thinking of what Mr. Hawkins said of Rita's dog. I told Mr. Benner about it now—mightn't the dog be a clue?

We sat down on the church steps then and tried to think which of Rita's many admirers had possessed a dog at that time. "Elva," Mr. Benner half-whispered suddenly, "Rita's cousin . . . Barry Thorndyke . . . had a dog. A sort of dark-haired mongrel."

She was young, but she looked tired and old, and the scar on her cheek stood out dead white. "I saw Anthony down by the creek. I'll go over to the police station and tell them," she said . . . and as our eyes met, I knew she was lying.

Then she said, "Donny was in the car as you went by—did mother have a hard time getting him? You probably heard what she said to Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Yes," I said stupidly.

"Mother is wrong," she said. "Absolutely."

I brought the car down then. She asked me to. We drove over to River Street and at the police station she made out her affidavit. Then she asked me to drive to the house on Kipps Street.

She went in alone, of course. When she came out again Mrs. Hawkins followed joyfully.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Benner," she said. "How kind you are!" But Juanita scarcely glanced at the poor thing. She looked hard and mean and cruel again, like a Thorndyke.

"Don't send for Donny," she said harshly. "Let him have dinner with mother. One of us will bring him home later. You may be sure of that." She glanced at me. "Drive on," she said weary, "drive on fast."

When we got back to the gatehouse she asked me to wait a moment. She had something very special she wanted me to do for her, she said.

I waited, and presently I saw her looking through the living-room curtains again. Then she came out hastily, and gave me a small pack-

"I can't go to mother's until later," she said. "Hide this in your room and if I don't come for it by nine o'clock, give it to mother. I'll try to be there, of course. Tell her to read the page where the marker is—if I don't come."

I turned from the telephone and saw old Mrs. Thorndyke, watching me with her hard, black eyes.

"I want you to drive me to that house on Kipps Street," she said.

She hadn't been to that house since the trouble over Donny.

Please turn to page 23



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Australian stars of this famous "Golden Harmony" Make-up are still limited, but soon . . . very soon we hope to be able to supply you with Pan-Cake Make-up, Face Powder, Rouge, True-color Lipstick, and all the other exclusives originated by Max Factor, the beauty genius that has made Max Factor Hollywood the most important name in make-up to millions of women all over the world.

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CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and cramps. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months. **MIDENE**

## Autumn Fashions from Films . . .

• Nut-brown outfit worn by Eleanor Parker (Warners). Woolen skirt topped by striped collarless tie jacket with tiny yoke. Upswept bretton hat and gloves in matching shade.



• Heaven-blue wool frock with a draped bodice buttoned throat high gives Irene Dunne (Columbia) chance to wear wide tan leather belt gilt studded to match her sandals.



• For teen-agers, pretty Diana Lynn (Paramount) displays a simple shirtdress frock of aqua-blue linen. For extra warmth sleeves are wrist length, with contrasting cuffs of purple and cyclamen to match the belt. Accessories are in tan and white.



• An informal slack-suit for autumn days is worn by Lynn Bari (Fox). Perfectly tailored in coral-red wool, slacks are topped with a navy wool jumper. White yoke is striped in coral and blue, and her sports-type shoes match the slacks.



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Sauces  
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in the kitchen

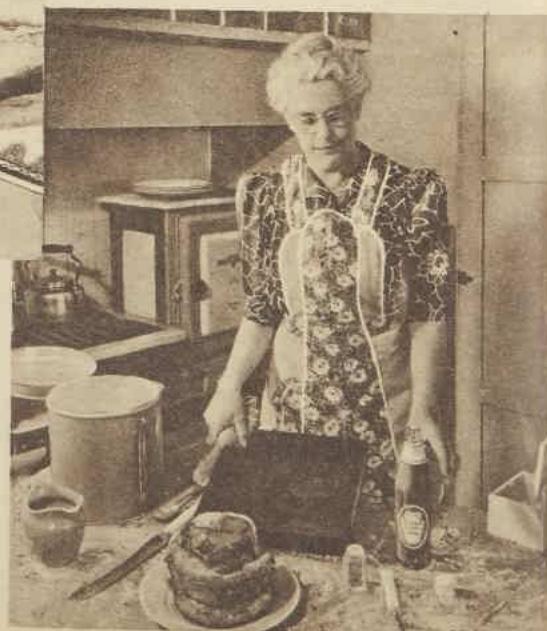
No longer need you worry whether there's enough flavour to tempt the family appetite in the limited choice of today's meat supplies—with these two HEINZ Sauces at hand, everyday meals will change from ordinary dishes into something different, distinctive, delicious, and delightful. The family will tell you so.

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Velvety-smooth and rich to taste — retaining all the flavour of the red, ripe tomatoes from which it is made — a sauce which is distinctive and which everyone will enjoy—**HEINZ TOMATO SAUCE**



# THE GRECIAN LINE

by day . . .  
and night



Paris lavishes hand work on full-skirted, full-sleeved dinner-gowns. MARCELLE ALIX suggests the Grecian trend in this exquisite white hand-gathered jersey model. Bishop sleeves contrast the tight bodice.



From MARCELLE AUX comes this sophisticated black wool tunic frock, draped to the front with a black velvet belt. Deep-armholed sleeves tapering to tight cuffs are accented by hip fullness.



Three diagonal bands of lightly plaited silver tissue catch the long Grecian lines of this beautiful white jersey evening-dress designed by HENRY LA PENSEE, of Paris. Wing draperies hang gracefully from the shoulders.

French adaptation of long Grecian lines marks this softly feminine angora wool jersey frock from MARCELLE AUX. The clever draping of the bodice continues over the hips to form panels in the full skirt, and the belt fastens with eyelets.



*'Ready to eat  
those words, mom?'*

BABY: How do you like being me, Mom? Still I have "nothing to cry about"?

MOM: Honey — I take it all back! I never knew so many things in a baby's life could irritate his skin and make him cross!

BABY: And does that suggest something, maybe? Such as protecting my skin with Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder?

MOM: Gracious! Do babies need both?

BABY: Yessiree, Mom! Johnson's nice, pure Baby Cream to keep me smooth and to clear up irritations. And then again, Johnson's Baby Powder for soft cool sprinkles that chase little chafes and prickles!



Johnson's Baby Cream  
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*Paul Duval*

PERSONALISED COSMETICS

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# WHAT IS *Fame*?

CURIOUS TRIFLES  
THAT FIX A NAME  
IN HUMAN MEMORY

**K**ING Alfred burnt the cakes. Can you remember anything else about him? Be frank now. Just an old cakeburner, that's all Alfred is to you.

And of the many diverting things that Nero must have done—and they did diverting things in those days—all that recalls itself offhand is that he fiddled. We don't even know, or care, if he fiddled well. It was his sense of timing that made it memorable.

So that is all there is now to Alfred and Nero, both big shots in their day.

The Duke of Clarence, whom no one would throw a glance at otherwise, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. That was colorful. It fixes him in the minds of posterity. He could have had his head cut off and no more said. But he chose the better part, or maybe he was pushed into it, and somehow we can't forget.

The things that are going to be things that people can't forget are unpredictable. It would be ridiculous now to drown oneself in wine, even if it were possible, in the hope of being coupled with the Duke of Clarence. It might not even make the Sunday papers.

Take Queen Anne, for instance. She had nineteen children. This, one would say, would be her most memorable performance. Not at all. The only thing that we cannot forget about her to-day is that she is dead. And would you wonder?

Or if you won't take Queen Anne, take the Charge of the Light Brigade. Who led them on that much-publicised occasion? Did you know it was Lord Cardigan?

That, with the boasting Tennyson gave it, should have been enough to make his name a household word, but it wasn't. What did the trick was a type of woolen garment he affected, possibly to ease his humbug.

This coat became popular, and has



• THIS TOUCHING SCENE, alas, represents the chief reason why we remember King Alfred.

always been called after him, but as far as Balclava went he might as well have stayed at home.

And what about Hardy at the Battle of Trafalgar? What did he do there? Would you have even known he was present if Nelson hadn't wanted to kiss him? Just a fancy of the Admirals', but it fixed Hardy.

Gladstone, if he followed the example of Lord Cardigan, would

again be the main points . . . while waiting for Gladstone to finish a bout with a lamb chop. He probably would not even mention what he said in '78 until after he had worked his way through the last course.

Other people are famous merely by the fact of their association with someone else. Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, Heloise and Abelard, Laurel and Hardy.

But here again one can't make sure of fame by falling in love. We all do that. Some make a habit of it and it gets them nowhere. Or by being fat, or, alternatively, thin, and acting the fool. We all do that, too, sometimes. Only our family and friends remember.

Sometimes it is not the person himself who is remembered, but something he has said or written. And the something doesn't have to be brilliant or even remarkable. It just must have X, the unknown quantity.

Under this heading comes Tom Brown, who was born in England in 1663 and died in 1704, after undermining his constitution with alcohol

own right to start with are Dorothy Parker's lines beginning—Byron and Shelley and Keats were a trio of lyrical treats," but for one person who could go ahead and quote them in full there are hundreds who could finish Dr. Fell, and be glad to do it.

There is just no telling what you have to do to be there for keeps.

Dr. Crippen made the grade by murdering his wife. Other men have murdered their wives before and since, and now their names are as stony in a well.

In any case, you may draw the line at murder.

But don't imagine, either, that just drawing a line will make for anything permanent.

Mr. Plimsoll has already cashed in on that.

By E. W. BROWN

get the bull's-eye with his bag. But no, with him the spotlight falls on what he said in '78. What it was he said I do not know, and I have never met anyone who did but he is famous for it.

For it, and for chewing his food thirty times before he swallowed, which must have made him a tedious dinner companion.

There was no wireless in those days, remember. No listening to: "That is the end of the news, here

### New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

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At all  
chemists and stores  
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BETTER . . . DADDY!"



AND THIS IS WHY!

Clements Tonic works naturally, building up resistance and bodily tissue. It is a splendid nerve and brain tonic, particularly valuable during periods of convalescence or prolonged nervous strain.

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"I had been very depressed through business worries, but I am grateful to Clements Tonic for lifting me out of the depression. I will always recommend my friends to take Clements Tonic."—P. H. W., Christchurch, N.Z.

(Original testimonial on file for inspection.)

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**MORLEY**  
ON UNDERWEAR

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DAPHNE

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Look for  
this label  
on every  
skein



**LINCOLN MILLS**

Dependable  
KNITTING WOOLS

# French navy men return to make homes here



UN, DEUX, TROIS—two-year-old Maurice Andriana counts in French for his French father and Australian mother at their home at Strathfield, N.S.W.



## Reunited with Australian wives after sad visit to own country

By JOAN POWE

A Sydney girl, Mrs. Charles Castellotti, said good-bye to her French sailor husband more than two years ago, expecting to follow him later to make their home in France.

Last week she received word that her husband would be arriving in one hour aboard the U.S. transport Calusa.

"I WAS in my working things and an apron, too, and had a terrible job getting to the wharf in time," she said.

"There wasn't even time to dress my baby daughter Yvonne, aged two, whom my husband hadn't seen before he left, but he saw her as soon as we got home," said Mrs. Castellotti.

Leading-Seaman Castellotti is one of ten Frenchmen who came to Australia in the French destroyer Le Triomphant and have returned to make their homes here because they found conditions so bad in their own country.

Eight of the men had married Australian girls when their ship was in Sydney, and two had become engaged.

### Changed country

THE ten sailors tell grim stories of a France in the hands of unscrupulous blackmarketeers, a people deprived for almost six years of essential foodstuffs and household necessities, and frivolous extravagance flourishing side by side with utter poverty.

When they returned to France, most of the men found their families well, but the change which had taken place in the France they knew made them feel they could not settle there. They had to wait many months for a ship coming to Australia.

Six of their fellow seamen from Le Triomphant had returned the previous September, and several are still awaiting their passage.

The story of Leading-Seaman Paul Andriana, at present living with his wife and two-year-old son Maurice at Strathfield, is typical of what most of the men felt.

Dark, handsome and quiet-spoken, Leading-Seaman Andriana comes from Ordures-sur-d'Ayres, a small province near the German border.

His mother and father are still alive and well, but he learnt that his uncle, a Police Commissioner, and his aunt had been killed during the German occupation.

"Conditions in the country were terrible. You could buy nothing except on the black market, and most of the people had seen no fruit or vegetables since early in the war," he said.

"One pound of butter cost £2 in Australian money, cigarettes were 10/- for a packet of 20, and a suit of clothes was £50 or more, when you could obtain it, on the black market."

Factory workers comprised almost the only class in steady employment in the province, although in Normandy and a few other provinces the position was slightly better.

In Paris he bought as a present for his wife a two-ounce bottle of perfume which cost between £7 and £8 in Australian currency.

"Paris is the same city in appearance, but its spirit has gone. It was dreadful," he said.

After his demobilisation from the French Navy, Leading-Seaman Andriana hopes to obtain an engineering job in Sydney.

Meanwhile he is getting to know his little son Maurice, who was born two weeks after Le Triomphant sailed.

Maurice, who is the image of his daddy, with big brown eyes, is rapidly learning French words and simple sentences, and can already count up to ten in French.

Leading-Seaman Andriana's attractive, dark-haired wife confesses she is a little disappointed at missing a trip to France, but is glad to have her husband back, and hopes that one day they will pay a visit there.

Leading-Seaman Castellotti, who comes from Lorraine, where his people have a farm, has been in the French Navy since 1937, and was



BACK FROM BRITTANY, Leading-Seaman Guy le Jeune is reunited with his Queensland bride, formerly Audrey Russell.

ship's barber for some months.

He has not decided yet whether to become a barber or do engineering in Australia.

When Le Triomphant was in Sydney in 1943 he and his friend, Leading-Seaman Guy le Jeune, had a double wedding ceremony.

### No lights

LEADING-SEAMAN le Jeune, who comes from Brittany, is at present living at King's Cross with his attractive wife, formerly Audrey Russell, a Queensland girl.

"Brittany was in a terrible state when I returned there," he said. "There are no lights, and the people are forced to use kerosene lamps. Black-marketing is everywhere, and commodities like soap are just unobtainable."

The couple met when they were living next door to each other more than four years ago, and are living in the same flat which Mrs. le Jeune had then.

They hope to visit France one day, and Leading-Seaman le Jeune is keeping his wife in practice with the language.

Mrs. Marcel Lehrer, formerly Gwen Borrill of Wahroonga, is spending a "second honeymoon" with her husband, Leading-Seaman Lehrer.

Leading-Seaman Lehrer, who speaks three languages, was on the British cruiser Edinburgh before transferring to the French destroyer, and was believed by his parents to be dead.

The Germans had circulated a report that the Edinburgh was lost with all hands, and his mother, who comes from Strasbourg, was overjoyed when he returned.

To avoid certain death and probable danger to his family should he be captured by the Germans, Leading-Seaman Lehrer took the name of Tony Martin, and passed as an English Tommy while on the Edinburgh.

Mrs. Lehrer's sister Joan is also married to a member of Le Triomphant's crew, Leading-Seaman Louis Desit, and has received word that he should be in Sydney by about Easter.

The couple were married only a day when Leading-Seaman Desit sailed.

Winner of the coveted honor, the Croix de Guerre, Leading-Seaman Desit was gunner on a small French merchant ship when France fell, and took part in the action at Dunkirk.

He and eighteen comrades went ashore during the British evacuation.

**FRENCH HUSBAND**, Charles Castellotti, went to the hairdresser's with his pretty wife a few days after his return to Australia.

### Jumped overboard

WHILE on her way to Africa, Le Triomphant struck a cyclone in the Indian Ocean, and at one stage most of the crew were forced to jump overboard when the destroyer nearly founders. The ship's doctor and the first engineer were lost, but the rest of the crew reboarded the ship.

The ten members of the crew who have returned to Australia tell of the hospitable welcome they received during the nine months they were in America for repairs before Le Triomphant finally reached France.

tion and silenced a German gun, enabling hundreds of British troops to get away safely.

The nineteen Frenchmen were all decorated for their bravery.

Both men have been given jobs by friends of the family, and their father-in-law, Mr. A. C. Borrill, is making them presents of separate blocks of land in Wahroonga.

Another of the sailors, Leading-Seaman Gerard Bonneton, will shortly be married to Miss Marie Baker, pianist, of Shepherd Street, Ryde, and will make Australia his permanent home.

"Australia is a young country, and I like it very much. The girls are also very good," he said.

Leading-Seaman Bonneton was in the merchant navy before joining the French National Navy, and spent about four years in Tahiti.

The couple met at the Friends of France Club in Sydney, run by Mrs. Ivy Moore, about four years ago.

Most of the men were in the French Merchant Navy before the war, and have not made up their minds what jobs they will take up in Australia.

They feel the employment prospect is much more secure in Australia, however, and are waiting "until the right job turns up."

Practically all of them have had engineering experience in the Navy.

Two of the sailors who arrived on the Calusa have left to make their homes in Melbourne with their wives, and another has gone to New Caledonia.

# Editorial

FEBRUARY 23, 1946.

## FOOD FOR BRITAIN

PLANS to hasten sending of more food to Britain have the enthusiastic support of all Australia.

Shocked at the news of the further cuts in the ration, we were relieved to know that we were to make a greater contribution than before to Britain's supplies.

*The rise in donations to gift food appeals showed immediately how public feeling had been stirred.*

However, many of us feel that a good deal more can be done if we make some sacrifices ourselves.

We are not, and never were, within sight of hunger. Our shop windows filled with all kinds of food would look like a dream to the hungry British.

We cannot in all honesty congratulate ourselves on our aid to Britain as long as our meat ration — to quote one item — is as generous as it is, and as long as fats other than butter are unrationed.

*An appeal is being made for housewives to save fat to be sent to Britain for soapmaking. Voluntary help of this kind is certainly useful. But in the long run a properly organised system of rationing might be more effective.*

What we would save with more stringent rationing might go only a small way to aid Britain's 47 million population.

But Britain now is reaching the point where she would appreciate even a few extra crumbs.

She will be grateful for whatever we send her. But we cannot truly claim to be "scraping the bottom of the bin" until we decide to cut our own supplies below the generous level which we now enjoy.

# Australian force in Japan

## New comforts fund needed

By a Special Correspondent

Australia's first occupation force — three battalions comprising 10,000 seasoned young A.I.F. troops — will arrive in Japan this month.

Combining an irrepressible "Digger" spirit of adventure with an intense pride in representing their country in the Allied Occupation Forces, these volunteers from every A.I.F. battalion have undergone the final stages of their training at a camp at Morotai.

**T**HE force — No. 34 Brigade — group, under the command of Brigadier R. H. Nimmo — is composed of the 65th, 66th, and 67th Battalions.

Three D.S.O. winners command the battalions — Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. Marson, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Colvin, and Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Jackson, who was second in command and later took over the 2/28th Battalion.

"It is a pity Australia cannot see this force — the first of its kind in her history — before the lads leave for Japan," said a member of the force.

It would do your hearts good to see the enthusiasm displayed by the boys toward this unique role assigned them.

"Within a short space of time the three battalions have been welded into a brigade which for smartness and efficiency should be second to none in the Allied Occupation Forces.

### Rival brigades

WITH typical Aussie thoroughness, officers and men are rivalling the "spit and polish" of a British regular regiment.

"In Southern Honshu, area assigned to British Imperial Force, the Aussies realise they will have tough opposition from three rival brigades.

They are a British brigade comprised of regular units, an Indian brigade, and a New Zealand brigade raised in Italy."

Incentive to the lads in the three individual Australian battalions is the Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Sir John Northcott's, promise that the honor of "Showing the Flag" in Tokio would fall to the smartest battalion in the British Forces.

More than sufficient volunteers responded when the Occupation Force was first mooted.

Average age of the men in one of the battalions is about 26 years for officers and 23 for other ranks.

In the entire battalion, only 15 were married men.

Only women in the force are the Australian sisters and Ama who attached to the 130th Australian General Hospital.

"Although we will be with the British under American Command, we will be an independent, self-sufficient force," an official said.

"Monotony of barrack life will be



BRIG. R. H. NIMMO, who will command the 34th Brigade, commanded the 1st Armored Brigade, was on the General Staff in W.A., N.S.W., and Northern Territory.

eliminated to some extent, as there will be no permanent stations within the British area, and brigades will relieve one another regularly.

There will be a strict non-fraternisation policy towards the Japanese, and for this reason especially careful consideration had to be given to the question of amusements and amenities for the lads.

There will be ample leave for the boys, and tours arranged to various parts of the country.

"At Morotai, classes in Japanese have been well attended, and I don't think the lads will have any difficulty in finding their way around.

"Sport is going to play a big part, and we have already prepared plans for a programme of cricket, football, baseball, etc.

"There'll be a club for sisters of the 130th A.G.H. and officers, and a club for other ranks.

"We hope to arrange concert parties with the talent available among the troops, with perhaps a visit or two from some well-known radio and theatrical stars from Australia."

The 67th Battalion is very proud of its regimental band, for which orchestral and band instruments had been supplied by the 2/1st Battalion.

At Morotai the battalion has produced its own newspaper, "Beinit," which will take along to Honshu.

Mobile cinemas will accompany the three battalions.

### Scarce supplies

ORGANISING and equipping the Australian brigade for its regimental life on and off duty was a hard problem, especially with only wartime facilities available.

"There are many things we desperately need and which we are finding it difficult to obtain," another officer said.

"Equipment for messes, supplies of razor-blades, soap, washers, indoor games are only a few of the minor ones.

"We will have no Australian Comforts Fund to help us, and all of us would be tremendously appreciative if some interested body of relatives or citizens formed themselves into



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JOHN NORTHCOTT, C.B., M.V.O., commanding all British forces in Japan. A Victorian, he became Chief of the General Staff, A.M.F., in 1942.

a welfare organisation, with which we could have direct contact across the 4000 miles separating us from home."

Plenty of knitteds would be needed in severe Japanese winters.

Sheepskin jackets similar to those worn by Americans would be a boon to the boys in severe Japanese winters, he said.

"As it stands now, the boys have only been provided with long winter woolens and their uniforms and greatcoats," he added.

"It is only natural that the lads will get a little homesick for Australia.

"An organisation back home which would adopt us, keep us supplied with little comforts, and with which we could share common interests, would mean a great deal."

# Interesting People



LORD WALKDEN

new Labor peer

## SEVENTY - TWO-YEAR-OLD

Lord Walkden, one of Britain's new Labor peers, who started his career as a railway clerk, now occupies a place in the front Government bench in the House of Lords in his colorful role as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Coming from family of yeomen farmers, he retains his agricultural interests as chairman of Domestic Poultry Keepers' Council. Is one of the world's leading fanciers of exotic birds and a breeder of gamecocks.



LADY GORDON

much-loved personality

**PRESIDENT** of N.S.W. Red Cross Special Appeals Committee, recently disbanded, Lady Gordon, widow of notable judge Sir Alexander Gordon, led group which raised £240,000 in five years for Red Cross. One of Sydney's best-loved citizens, Lady Gordon, who is returning to England shortly to live with her daughter, has been inspiring leader in its cultural life in 41 years since her arrival as concert artist Margaret Thomas. Was one of founders of Sydney Symphony Orchestra Committee. Has raised many thousands to assist young Australian artists study abroad, and for soldier welfare and charitable organisations.



CDR. J. C. R. PROUD

political representative

AUSTRALIAN political representative in Singapore is Commander J. C. R. Proud, R.A.N.R., of Melbourne, who has held several important intelligence posts during war. In 1940 was in Singapore on staff of Asia Combined Headquarters. Was recently awarded O.B.E. for his work in organisation and direction of Far Eastern Liaison Organisation, the Allied anti-Jap propaganda unit, to which he was appointed in 1943.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

# DISTINGUISHED CONDUCTOR IN ACTION



## Maurice Abravanel

★ This striking picture shows Maurice Abravanel in characteristic attitude as he directs the orchestra. He is conducting a splendid series of Sunday night concerts at the Sydney Town Hall, sponsored by the Sunday Telegraph and the Daily Telegraph. This is his second visit to Australia. He came first as conductor of Sir Benjamin Fuller's Opera Company in 1934, and staged to give symphony concerts in Sydney and Melbourne.

He left Australia to take up a contract as one of the conductors at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. He is 42. Music is his hobby as well as his business, and his eyes light up as he discusses orchestras and scores. He is no high-brow, for he has conducted a series of Broadway shows as well as more serious

music. In one way, these lighter productions have given him more satisfaction than symphony concerts; for, as well as having fine players of great skill and artistry, he was allowed an unlimited number of rehearsals.

"I could polish and polish the performances," he said, "until every detail was perfect on the opening night. For a concert programme, usually only about three rehearsals are allowed. At the concert I can always hear things that might have been done much better." Musicians of the Sydney Orchestral Society like working with Abravanel. He is courteous and patient, and gives them the feeling that he and they are fellow workers. Silhouetted in the foreground of our picture is the leader of the orchestra, Lionel Lawson.

Your Blood will save  
a Life!

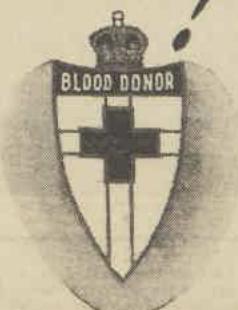


**RED CROSS**

*Needs Blood Donors-urgently!*

MAN is proud of being individual, different from the rest of his kind, yet by a thousand invisible bonds he is linked with his fellows. The blood that flows through your veins can be as potent a life-giving force in those of someone else; your blood can give life to someone whom you have never seen and may never know. Some day you, too, may be in need; your life, the life of someone important to you, may depend on the willingness of donors to share their blood. Red Cross appeals to you—to every man and woman—to enrol as a donor now, so that its Blood Transfusion Service, which has saved so many lives in the past, may continue to save lives.

Get in touch with your local Red Cross!



**Badge for Donors**

Above pictures an enlargement (actual size 1 x 1 in.) of the Red Cross badge, enamelled in white, red, blue, and gold, awarded to blood donors.

# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun is now in the sign of Pisces, which promises increased good fortune this week for those born under the signs Scorpio, Cancer, and Pisces.

Improved conditions will also result for most Capricornians, Taurians, Leonians, and Scorpions, but caution and patience are required on the part of Geminians, Sagittarians, and Virgoans for some weeks to come.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Unspectacular days now, though Feb. 24 (evening) and 26 (forenoon) can be helpful. Feb. 20, 21, 25, and 28 (late) poor.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Modest gains can now be sought. Utilise Feb. 24 (after 6 p.m.) and Feb. 27, Feb. 21 (after 11 a.m.), 22, 23, and 25 poor.

**LEMUR** (May 22 to June 21): Beware indiscretions, changes, discord and worry now, especially on Feb. 24, 26 (worst), and early 27. Routine tasks advised for some weeks.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): Get busy now, be confident. Seek promotions, changes, and favors, especially on Feb. 21 after 3 p.m. and 22 (except forenoon), 22, 23 and 24 fair. Feb. 20 poor.

**LEO** (July 22 to Aug. 21): Your affairs should improve slightly now, but avoid indiscretions. Feb. 21 (after midday), 22, 23 and 25 poor. Feb. 24 (evening) and 26 (forenoon) fair.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 22 to Sept. 21): Beware losses, partings, and discord, especially on



"It's a wonderful party. I feel a little sick already."

Feb. 24, 25, and early 26. Routine tasks advised for some weeks.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 22 to Oct. 21): Financial matters on Feb. 18, Feb. 21, 22 (except forenoon), and 24 (evening) may prove helpful.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 22 to Nov. 21): Seek gains, promotions, and changes now. Feb. 21 and Feb. 22 (except forenoon) excellent. Feb. 23 and Feb. 24 (late) very fair. Feb. 25 adverse.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21): Live gently for some weeks, and avoid arguments, changes, and new projects, especially on Feb. 23. Feb. 20, 24, and 26 also poor.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Feb. 19, 20, and 21 (early) poor, but 21 (after 11 a.m.) and 22 (except forenoon), 23, and 26 fair. Feb. 27 adverse.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 22 to Feb. 19): Satisfaction results can be obtained on Feb. 18, Feb. 20 (midday and evening hours), 21 (before 10 a.m.), Feb. 21 (noon to 1 a.m.) and Feb. 23, Feb. 24, Feb. 25 tricky.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Some ambitious goals now. Feb. 21 and 23 (before 1 a.m. or after noon) excellent, and 22 (noon). Feb. 25 adverse. Feb. 24 and 26 poor.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

## YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 29-40.  
SUGAR: 19 and 20.  
BISCUITS: 29 to 30 ( till March 19).  
MEAT: 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 ( till March 19).  
(On Feb. 25, black 68 to 70 and red and green 72 and 73 also become available till March 19.)  
CLOTHES: 21-66, 239-313.

# Mandrake the Magician

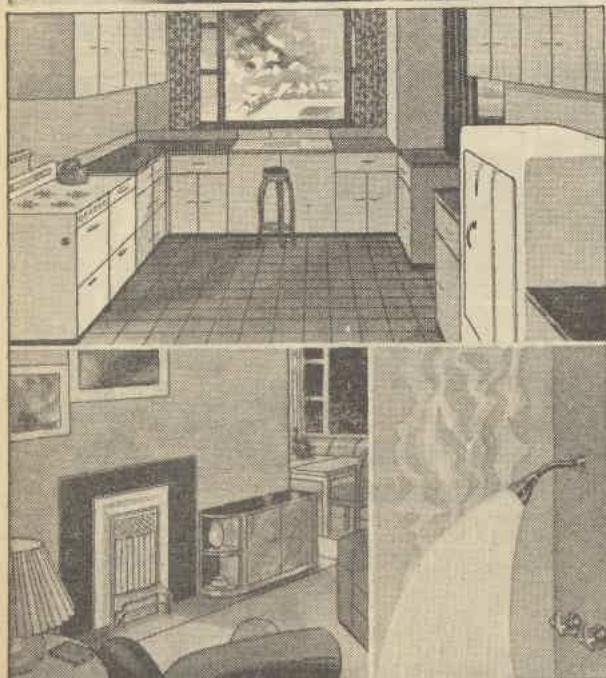
MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, rescue  
BETTY GRAY: From two Arabs. She explains  
she is on an unusual treasure hunt. Her  
uncle has left his fortune in a locked vault.  
His will states that the numbers of the safe's  
combination are hidden all over the world.  
Betty and her cousins

AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt.  
KARL: Who will do what Augusta says, and  
PETER: Who does not want Betty harmed,  
are all searching for the numbers. They are  
given the first clue "In Cheops the old boy  
has a pain in the neck." Betty enlists  
Mandrake's aid. He explains Cheops is one of the  
Pyramids. NOW READ ON:



# Planning the home they've always wanted

*...equipped with GAS of course!*



When you build your new home — or modernize your present dwelling — remember that Gas is the smart, practical way of coping with the 4 Big Domestic Jobs. For Cooking, Heating, Refrigeration and Hot Water, Gas stands supreme! Its Automatic Finger-Tip Control ensures True Economy and Real Convenience. Gas is the fashionable way to Brighter and Easier Living. For added leisure and more time for pleasure — insist on Gas in your New Home.

After six years devoted to the War Effort, the Services of the Gas Industry are now free to assist you towards Brighter and Better Living

*Select approved appliances at your Gas Company Showrooms*

# GAS

FOR THE 4 BIG JOBS

COOKING .. HEATING .. REFRIGERATION .. HOT WATER

INSERTED BY THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

## I Write of Murder

Continued from page 10

**S**HE gazed at me steadily in the odd way the Thorndykes have. Their eyes seem to talk at times, and now Juanita's seemed to be saying: It wouldn't hurt too much if you read it too.

Later on that afternoon the rain came. I was in my room, thinking of the package that Juanita gave me. I knew by touching it that it was a small thick book. It was there on my round table by the window, at my elbow. A rubber band held a fold of freshly creased blue tissue round it.

I removed the tissue and for the first time realised that it must be Rita's diary. No one had been able to find it after Rita's death.

I let it fall open at the thick marker and read the lines that had been bracketed with red ink, probably by Juanita. I thought, "Now that I am going to be the mother of Anthony's child I must try to be a better wife to him . . ." I shut the book quickly. But there it was. The truth. The truth about Donny!

I slipped the diary back into its tissue and rubber band.

There was a sudden gust of wind, then Merton was at the door, calling me to the phone. It was Larry. Could I meet him at seven for dinner? He was not satisfied about that subject we'd been talking about earlier . . . besides, he wanted to sit opposite me at the table, he said.

It was only 5.30, but I decided to go at once. Anything to get away! I put the diary under my pillow, for nobody must see it. I knew if Juanita wanted it before I returned, she'd find it. None of the Thorndykes had any inhibitions. I really had no privacy.

Across the table from Larry at dinner, I asked him: "Why aren't you satisfied? Are you thinking of Rita's cousin . . . Barry? You're surely convinced about Mr. Hawkins, aren't you? I looked down then, straight at my plate, remembering suddenly the expression that had been in Juanita's eyes.

Larry reached over and laid his hand on mine. "Why are you so frightened, honey?" he said. "You're trembling and your hand is like ice."

"Oh . . . I'm silly," I said.

I think Larry was on the point of saying something wonderful to me when a sound outside reached us. Did you ever hear the thump of footsteps stopping suddenly and then starting up again fast? Excitement. That's what it was. Then the whine of a police siren . . .

We ran out and Peterson, hurrying along, stopped when he saw us. "Do you know what's happened over in the Gardens?" he said. "They've dragged the other Thorndyke girl—Juanita—out of the pool by the mill. What's her married name? Oh, yes, Mrs. Benner. She's dead. Can't revive her. Suicide, I guess."

I think I probably would have crumpled to the pavement if Larry hadn't dragged me in to a chair. "Chin up," he said. "I'll get some hot coffee."

I sat there with Juanita's words tearing through my brain. "Hide this, and if I don't come back . . . give it to mother" . . . Juanita, who knew she wasn't coming back, waiting only for dusk and for Merton to pull the curtains over her mother's living-room windows. I told Larry then, not what Mrs. Thorndyke had said about Donny, or about the words bracketed in red ink, but about the lost diary under my pillow and what Juanita had said.

"I've got to get back," I said. "It's twenty to nine—I must hurry."

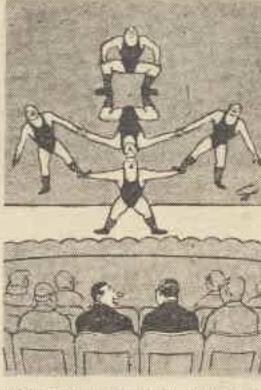
"Wait till I phone and I'll take you home," he said.

He came back after a moment. "There's something in the diary somebody fears," he said. "The pattern is shaping. Still, I may be crazy. Wait—you said Donny was spending the night with his grandmother, didn't you? Well, Hawkins had time to go home, after they

released him, and then go after Donny. I mean, he must have been there in the Gardens . . ."

He called a taxi then and we went back to the Gardens.

I ran all the way from the taxi to my room. The diary was still under my pillow. I carried it as fast as I could to Mrs. Thorndyke's room, opened her door without knocking and went in. Tall old Mrs. Thorndyke was on her knees by the bed, a tree felled by the



"It's not as easy as it looks."

storm now, and pushing the book under her folded arms, I gave her Juanita's message. I knew no ordinary person could ever help a Thorndyke.

So when she told me to get out, I started down to find Merton. But I heard her through the door, crying out, "Oh, the har, the har!"

Everything had happened so quickly, Merton said. He pulled the curtains early because of the rain, then Mrs. Thorndyke and Donny ate supper in the upstairs sitting room. When he was bringing one of the trays down he heard something. He paid no attention. He thought it was one of the small owls over by the mill, though his wife declared it was someone screaming. At about 8.30, he thought it was the doorknob rang . . .

It was poor Mr. Benner, looking for his wife. She'd said she wanted to run up to her mother's, that she would be back in a moment. It had been a good 40 minutes, Mr. Benner said, and dinner was waiting.

"Maybe we better look about, sir," Merton said, and remembering the scream he and his wife had heard, he felt uncomfortable. "Don't you think, sir?"

"Oh, yes, please," Mr. Benner said. "I've never seen any prowlers about but . . ."

He and Mr. Benner went out and hurried through the warm rain along the path toward the mill. When they reached the swimming pool, she was there. Down in the reddish water. Together they got her out. They called Dr. Mason and the police. And that was all.

I went out into the hall and found Larry waiting for me.

"Sergeant O'Nara wants to speak to you in the library," he said. He stared at me, tilted my chin with his finger. "You need a drink, honey," he said. "I'll ask Merton to fix one."

All that Sergeant O'Nara wanted was for me to look back to my conversation with Juanita earlier and tell him if I thought she had acted as if she were in a highly nervous state, as if, in short, she had something of this sort in mind? Yes, I said. Definitely. But I didn't mention the diary, for Mr. Hawkins was in the room, too.

LARRY brought my drink and we went out to the side porch, but before I could taste the drink I thought of something that floored me.

"Larry, it wasn't suicide!" I cried. "Juanita couldn't drown! Not if she wanted to. Not if she tried. She could swim like a fish. You'd have to . . . hold her under . . . Larry, that's what somebody did . . . killed her!"

I suppose the glass slid to the floor then, for suddenly I felt weak all over and crumpled up on the damp cushions of the porch swing.

I was on my bed when I opened my eyes. The maid, Sally, was there and said she guessed I had a "faint." She had a pitcher of hot black coffee and made me drink some. A long time after she went out there was a tap on my door. It was Larry. He came over and sat in a chair beside the bed.

"You were right, honey," he told me. "Juanita was killed, too, but not in the pool. He's confessed the whole thing. He walked along with her on the path, with his handkerchief in his hand, and suddenly clapped the thing into her mouth. That's probably when she screamed. Then he held her face down in the water, near the bird tower. And when she was limp, he carried her to the pond."

"Seems he'd had Rita's diary all the time and Juanita finally found it. Hidden under a plank in the mill house, of all places. He used to sneak over and read it, I suppose."

"If it had only been destroyed," I said miserably. "This wouldn't have happened."

"O'Nara says criminals usually hold on to some incriminating bit of evidence," Larry said. "It wasn't the diary itself, of course. When Juanita heard about my story, she knew his dog had disappeared after Rita's death. And his blue car, too. And for various other reasons, no doubt, she suspected him. Maybe all of a sudden. Remember how she looked when you met her on the path when you came out to go to the library this morning?"

"Yes. And he killed Rita, too." It was a statement, not a question, but Larry answered it.

"That's right. He'd stolen the diary out of her bag just for meanness. They were having it out that day I saw them on Hutton Hill. He told her he'd decided to marry Juanita. She'd probably learned what a rotter he was. He says she threatened him and he hit her in a fit of anger. That fellow and I over in Normandy figured it about right. He hadn't planned to kill her. And he faked the accident. That part, he says, was easy."

"Still," I said, "it's not plausible. His confession, I mean."

"Oh, yes. Juanita had written a note to her mother on a blank page in the back of Rita's diary, folding the page down, just in case, you know. When O'Nara showed him the page, read it to him, it knocked him off his nerve. He has some scratches on his face, too, he can't explain."

"If I had only looked in the back of the diary . . ." I said. I could hear poor Mrs. Hawkins saying, "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Benner, thank you. How kind you are . . ." Then I sat straight up in bed, wondering if I'd gone mad. "Why did Juanita make the affidavit—if she thought Anthony Hawkins was the murderer?"

"Good heavens, it's not Hawkins," Larry cried, reaching for my hands. "I forgot you were up here when things were popping. It's Benner. Seems he held a stick over Mrs. Thorndyke by pretending he was Donny's father. After all, she's an old woman, you know. And maybe Rita did have an affair with Benner, in the beginning. I don't know. But Benner says what he was really after was a slice of the Thorndyke millions."

All that happened, as I said, in August. Just now, I'm looking forward to Easter. But I won't say anything more about that. For, after all, this is a murder story, not a love story.

Continued from page 7

## Spring Meeting

that." Her head on one side, she considered the flowers.

He stood watching her placing the hyacinths in the mug—blue and white waxen heads of bloom. The warm light from the western sky filtered on to her face and gave it almost a youthfulness. But her hands were subtly nervous, as though conscious of the quiet, steady gaze of the man beside her.

She showed this nervousness, too, in her voice when she said, "What a lovely evening it is. Did you notice the sky at sunset?"

He nodded. "I noticed it. Spring round again. Buds bursting and the trees green again almost overnight. I seem to remember one evening last spring when I came over here with some trifles or from the garden and found you putting hyacinths into that mug. Just the same time—might have been the same day. Everything just as it is now, I remember."

"Really? Goodness . . . is that so?" Her voice had a buttery sound.

"Yes. Seems to me, I was thinking a minute ago as I came across the field, you and I haven't a bit more will than the plants that come up each year as the spring tells them to."

She raised startled eyes to him. "Why, David, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I expect this time next year, too, we'll be doing exactly what we're doing now, as though—as though some force of nature condemned us to stay right where we are. Except for another

He said, putting the slender yellow-green stalks down on the bench beside her: "Second night, eh? No, can't claim it. Kate told me you'd picked up an Australian airmen when she came over for some mint."

"Well, thank you, David. It's very kind of you."

He gave a short laugh. "Not kind at all. Just indulging a wish to hear you thank me."

"Oh, nonsense, you always say

year gone, and a few more grey hairs."

For a moment she stopped trying to make the hyacinths stand up in the vase. Her face had the troubled look of a child jolted out of a make-believe world and apprehe- sive of a new reality.

In her embarrassment she said the very thing that gave him his opening. "Dear me, how depressing that sounds! But what else should we notice the sky at sunset?"

There was a half smile on his face as he answered: "I could tell you. It's been in my mind for a long time." Standing there, grimly direct, his rugged head outlined against the fading light, he didn't fidget or flush as he did. His assurance came from a harmony with things round him; while she seemed all awry, timidly skirting the essentials.

He went on: "I don't know why I haven't said it before. When all's said and done, things aren't so very uneven between us. I'm not young, but then neither are you, and I've got plenty of strength and a very sound constitution. And that's not as negligible as it sounds! Of course, I know you're an aristocrat and I'm not."

"Oh, David . . . what a thing to say!"

"It's not what I meant to say." He took a step nearer, speaking with more hesitation. "I've wanted to tell you that you mean the world to me. Enid—even or uneven—old or young—whatever we are—I know there's something we could still get out of

life together. I know it's not too late to tell you that your eyes are as blue as those flowers you're so fond of each year."

She turned to the window. The spring flooded in—its nights, its aunts, all the nostalgic sweetness whose message is not—as it seems—only for the young.

It spoke to her now, setting her heart beating, weakening her will. Her head seemed to swim, she closed her eyes. Oh, yes . . . of course.

She wanted to say, Yes.

David! She wanted to tell him how much she cared for him, how she longed to accept all he offered—protection from a difficult and perplexing world.

But how could she? David Massey—little more than a laboring man! And she a Darlington!

She felt him, beside her, waiting, close, his sleeve almost touching hers.

His hand, broad and worked and earthy from the asparagus bed, rested on the window-sill.

Her glance went from it to her own narrow white hand with the old ring of gold and faded pearls given to one of her ancestors by a Tudor prince.

It was a pity she had to notice that at this moment.

She faced him suddenly, quite calmly.

"Please, David," she said. "I'd rather you didn't say all this. It spoils things between us."

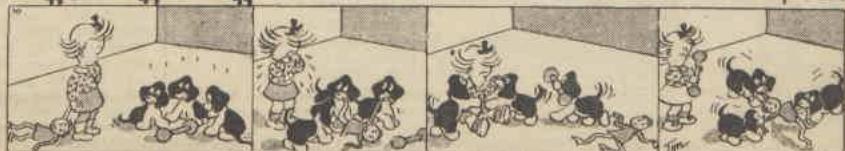
"It—it does?" For a moment, he stood looking at her intently, then abruptly, he turned on his heel and strode out.

Please turn to page 28

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

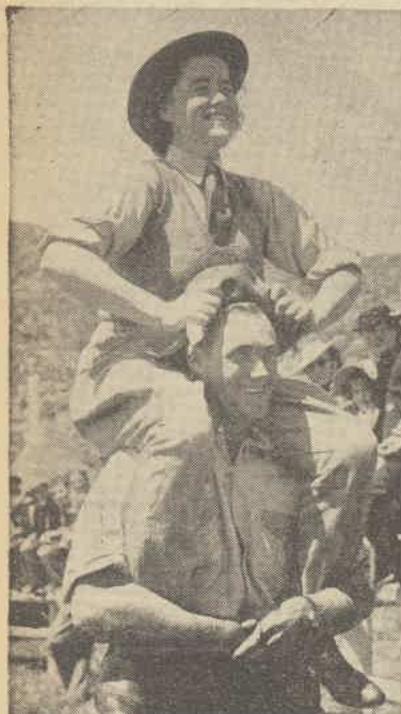
FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



(Copyright)

# "FOR THE BUSHMEN LOVE HARD RIDING"



GOOD VANTAGE POINT for Edna McGufficke, Jindabyne, N.S.W., as Jim Nankervis, Corryong, Vic., gives her a pick-a-back at the Chalet rodeo.



VETERAN ROUGH-RIDER Ernie Boardman, Corryong, Vic., taking a toss soon after his horse was released from the yard at the first rodeo held at the Chalet, Mount Kosciusko.

## Long trek over wild bush trails to mountain rodeo

By BETTY WILKINSON

Horsemen and horsewomen rode for days over rough mountain tracks to attend the first rodeo held at the Chalet, Mount Kosciusko.

They camped at night in stockmen's huts scattered over the ranges or else pitched their tents.



LUNCH ON A LOG bridging stream near the Chalet: L. to R.: Arthur and Murray Land, Cudgewa, Vic.; Mrs. C. Simpson, Cudgewa; Norma Griffiths, Bringembong, N.S.W.; Selby Jeffrey, Cudgewa; Harold Star, Cudgewa; Mrs. Beryl Hamilton, Corryong, Vic.



ACROBATICS all in a spectator Roy Sturgeon, son of Ben Sturgeon, who is swinging on the



RIDING to Mount Kosciusko, Peg, Johnny, and Murray Pierce, and Pat Chitty pause on the hill overlooking the junction of the Snowy and Spencer Rivers.

FOR part of their long ride they had to face icy winds and steady rain. Some were even turned back for a few hours by heavy fog.

The Chalet arena, built of stout mountain ash, with rails five feet six inches high, is in a perfect setting, and the day of the rodeo was ideal with brilliant sunshine and a crisp, invigorating wind.

Wild mountains timbered with stocky snow-gums sweep down to the arena in a thickly grassed hollow.

There was as much delight in watching the splendid mountain horses picking their way with sure, delicate tread down the rocky slopes as in the magnificent rough-riding in the arena.

When cattle or horses broke from the yards or out of the arena, skilled stockmen galloped after them, across creeks, over swamps, and "turned their heads for home."

The day before the rodeo I was out on Tate Mountain when fog came down and rain settled in for hours.

My guide was Dave Mackay, born and bred in the Snowy River country—keen-eyed, lean, long-legged, and happier on a horse than anywhere else.

### Strange country

COMING across one of the lower spurs of the mountain we met the first of the long-distance riders.

They had been picking their way, by map, across the mountains from Bringembong, on the Upper Murray, over country they had never seen.

They were doing well but were glad to be guided in by such an experienced hand as Dave Mackay.

Youngest member of the party was 10-year-old Murray Pierce, of Corryong, Victoria.

Murray is already a veteran horseman. He started to ride when he was three years old.

As he topped the hill above the junction of the Spencer and Snowy

Rivers, he asked his sister, Peg Pierce, how far it was to the Chalet.

"Oh, about five miles."

"Gee, Peg! These Monaro miles are long and narrow," commented Murray.

Peg Pierce's total luggage consisted of two leather Indian cavalry bags, four inches square and twelve deep.

Her clothes were soaked during the morning's 18-mile ride from Mawson's hut. But she came down to dinner at the Chalet looking glamorous and charmingly frocked.

Like all the womenfolk of the daring rough-riders Peg went through some bad moments when another brother, Johnny Pierce, ex-R.A.A.F., was in the arena. But she shared his triumph when he won the bull-dogging by throwing his steer in 191 seconds—very good time.

Peg does a man's job out of doors, helping her father. But she is a house girl, too. One of the last remarks I heard her make was: "Must get home, even if it is a wet ride. Think of all the bottling and jam-making I have to do."

With the three Pierces were Ron Boardman, Corryong, and Pat Chitty, Cudgewa, Vic.

Daphne and Brenda Wilson and Alan Gottfried, from McLaren Vale, S.A., and Tex and Kevin Mooney, of Taralga, N.S.W., drove 50 buck-jumping horses 63 miles from Cooma to the Chalet.

They got into Jindabyne at the



LONG TREK HOME begins

### Young expert

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Buddy Crotty, of Adelaide, is already an expert at swinging ropes, taught by his famous father, Dan Crotty.

Buddy takes his ring appearances very calmly, hates any fuss made of him.

The two gave the crowd plenty of thrills and Dan did his trick-riding despite the rain-soaked arena. Like all the other riders his job was made twice as dangerous by the wet, heavy soil.

In addition, instead of riding his own thoroughly trained horse, he rode one of Tex Mooney's, which was trained in three weeks.

foot of the mountain about nine night; but by that time he and the horses were missing and Dan had to ride back and find him.

Some of these horses were captured originally out on the mountains where they were running wild with hundreds of brumbies.

One who gave a good display of buck-jumping, had neither ridden before.

Snowy River horsemen take lot of these mountain ponies with them, catch them nowadays in building yards in unexpected places and putting suit in them.

"The horses will come ashore to get salt," said veteran rider Leo Bayt, who has ridden them for 50 years. "They would come right into the Chalet if there were no people about."

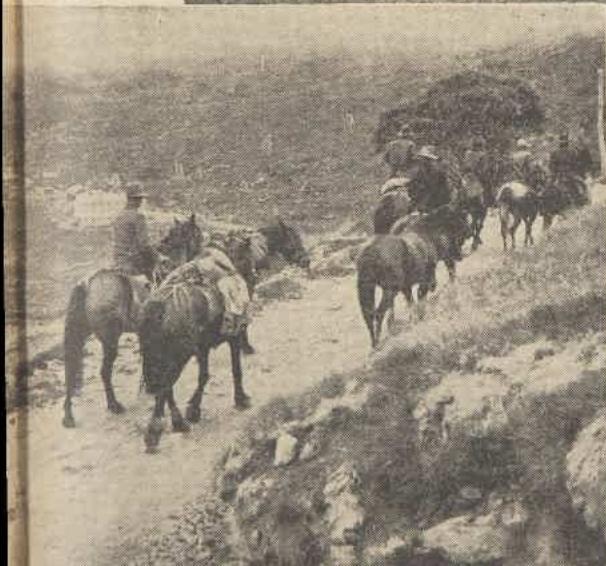
Our arrival at the Chalet was a thrill.



moment for six-year-old  
Helen Hanna, of Walwa, Vic., to ride her arena rails.



LIVELY steers gave rough-riders a good run for their money and the onlookers plenty of thrills.



For riders and their pack horses who travelled from the Upper Murray Valley across the mountains.

Photographs by staff photographer Jack Heaton.

After four hours in the saddle we were cold and wet, tired and hungry.

An string of horses, with pack-horses following, came down the long hill and through the Chalet gates we were greeted by cheers and roars and stockmen's cries—heart-warming cheering sounds for weary travellers.

And that was typical of the whole carnival.

The men who took part and the men and women who came to look on were all there because they love fine horses and appreciate fine horsemanship, and this common interest created a generous, happy spirit.

Not long after I had changed my soaking clothes the door of our dormitory opened and in came a figure as water-logged as I had been.

This was 18-year-old Helen Hanna, who had ridden all the way from Walwa, Vic. Helen covered a good

200 miles on her four-year-old mount, Florian, by the time she got home.

Florian was bred by Helen's father, Mr. Weir Hanna.

Mr. Hanna took a bad toss when he first started to break in horses, at 16 years of age. He went on breaking them for 36 years, but was never thrown again.

The Hanna came from the Murray Valley up the wild, precipitous Geehi gorge. It is rough going at any time, but with the ground slippery after rain it was a marathon. With them were John Drummond, Walwa, and John Lowe, Goulburn, N.S.W.

John Drummond has not been out of the Army long. He missed horses terribly during his soldiering days, and is now readjusting himself to the old mountain life.

Because they will go anywhere to see good horses in action Mr. and Mrs. Bill Tyrwhitt Drake,

Tonga, Mansfield, Victoria, drove up to Khancoban, on the Upper Murray.

With them were Bob Graves, Batty Park, Mansfield, and his son Alex. At Khancoban they joined up with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nankervis, of Bringembong Station, and rode to the Chalet up the Geehi gorge.

Bill Drake, who has always lived among horses, here and in England, specially can't resist rodeos. And he especially enjoyed this one in the Snowy River country.

"You see some of the best-bred horses in Australia here," he said. "I know there are horses as good farther out, especially in Queensland, but they are so scattered there. It is harder to see them."

"I like Snowy River horses and I like the men who ride them."

When most of the mountain men first met Mrs. Drake they said: "How's Rosalie?"

Their interest was more than superficial because Rosalie is Mrs. Drake's horse, which she once drove in a jinket about 200 miles up and down the Murray Valley and the nearby country.

Rosie is liable at odd moments to attempt to take a bite out of anyone who happens to come too

close, so she won't be forgotten for a long time by the men who helped Mrs. Drake catch and harness her.

Phil Henneky, Tumbarumba, N.S.W., and Doug Rial, of Tooma, N.S.W., rode 136 miles across the ranges working their way by compass and map over unknown country.

All went well until the last day of their ride when fog swept down from the tops and they had to turn back to White's Rover hut, about 11 miles from the Chalet, and come on next day.

Some of the roughest, most strenuous and most interesting riding of the day was done by the four "pickers-up," Laurie McGuffie and Bill McGuffie, cousins from Jindabyne; Dave Mackay, Adaminaby; and Ben Sturgeon, Jindabyne.

With amazing speed and expert horsemanship, these four careered after cattle and horses, bucking or galloping madly. They caught or headed them, and helped their riders bodily from the saddle, if they were still in it.

There would have been some broken bones but for their splendid work.

Judges were Mr. A. L. Cochrane, Yauk, near Adaminaby, and Ron Boardman, Corryong.

Mr. Cochrane is called "the daddy

of the rodeos in the south." He organised the first one on his property about seven years ago. He has followed them keenly since, and can feel proud to know they have raised about £100,000 for war charities.

Proceeds of the Chalet rodeo went to Jindabyne Bush Nursing Association, Memorial Hall funds, and Cooma Rehabilitation Committee.

Mr. Cochrane's summing-up of the Chalet rodeo was: "Good horses? Well, they must have been good. They threw some of Australia's best rough-riders."

Ron Boardman showed what he could do with stockwhips during an interval in the riding.

He called several small boys into the ring and flicked paper from their hands, or cut it in two. The lads looked a bit worried at times as the long, snaky whip whistled towards them, and curled about their legs and heads.

### Tourist plan

RON gave an unofficial exhibition during the lunch-hour, when he flicked threepence from behind his back about 40 yards along one of the Chalet corridors, over the heads of delighted onlookers.

Tex Mooney, champion rough-riders, who did not seem much the worse for his horse rolling over him toward the end of the afternoon, has decided to stay on at the Chalet.

Next summer he is going to organise packhorse trips for tourists at regular intervals.

He will establish camps every ten or fifteen miles, the first at Dead Horse Hut, then over the summit of Kosciusko, to the Cascades and Geehi.

Sixty Army tents, beds, stoves, and camp gear have been bought, and will be installed during the winter.

The trip will be down deep, tree-lined valleys, and Tex plans to cover only ten or fifteen miles a day, so that it won't be too strenuous and there will be plenty of time for fishing. He expects about thirty or forty riders in each party.

When the rodeo day arrived dozens of unbooked people arrived at the Chalet, so emergency beds were put in dormitories and the big ski-area. Tents were erected round the arena for the overflow.

Mrs. George Day, Mrs. K. Price, and Mona Blacklock worked ceaselessly and somehow managed to see everyone had somewhere to sleep.

There had to be two sittings for lunch and dinner on rodeo day, and for breakfast the next morning.

Torn muscles, stiff limbs, and skinning from tassels did not stop the horsemen from attending the Chalet dance at night.

By seven o'clock next morning the stables resounded with clinking stirrups and creaking leather as saddles and bridles were brought out to air before beginning the long trek home.

WE have been hearing about the duck-pond in the Botanic Gardens, which it seems is a favorite playing ground for children.

They like to lean over the edge to feed the ducks, an effort which results in children falling into the pond with a certain monotonous regularity.

When a woman we know took her small son there for the afternoon, her absorbed observation of the child throwing bread to the ducks was interrupted by a gardener:

"Madam, he said sternly, 'I want you to know that owing to the acute shortage of manpower we simply cannot rescue children who fall into this pond.'

**A** N efficiency expert has put his wife on the spot so far as her weekly allowance is concerned.

Every three months he gives her a bonus equivalent to the amount she's saved from the weekly allotment.

### Bride likes U.S.

**C**HICAGO "Sun's" Magazine Parade publishes four pages of pictures and a story featuring an Australian war bride, Irene Kruse, now living at Waukegan, Illinois.

Pictures of this attractive girl are an excellent advertisement for Australian womanhood, cables our New York office.

The theme of the story is a letter written home to a friend in Australia by Irene.

She says in part, "This is a wonderful country. It's impossible not to respond to the warmth and sincerity of the people."

"You'll miss the glowing sunshine of Australia and the beaches and the way the moon looks shining over the harbor on summer nights, but I'm learning to skate and fish through ice."

# WORTH Reporting

### Voice from the B.B.C.

A FORMER B.B.C. announcer, Derek Prentice, whose voice became familiar to Australians with "This is London calling. Here is the news," during the war, is now listening to the B.B.C. from Australia.

With his Australian wife and their two children he recently arrived in Melbourne to take up an appointment with a Victorian broadcasting station.

Many Australians became so fond of his voice that he received dozens of fan letters.

"And what was better," he said, "food parcels which in much-rationed England were a wonderful gift."

Before joining the B.B.C., Mr. Prentice was on the London stage.

★ ★ ★

IT looks as though it will be a dull life for whoever takes the flat we saw advertised in a morning paper last week.

Austerly brief, it read: "Flat, £2/10/-, No linen, no guests, no drinks."

### U.S. pun

A CABLE from our New York office tells us that a group of amateur actors in an American college got away with a nice bit of punning suggested by the Bernard Shaw film, "Caesar and Cleopatra."

The theme of the play is the deposition of King Ptolemy (the "p" is silent), and Cleopatra's efforts to rule Egypt when placed on the throne by Caesar.

The title of the college's Egyptian play was "My Mummy Doesn't Ptolemy."

### Thank-queue

"THE day will come," writes a reader to Picture Post, England, "when health authorities will point out that queueing took housewives into the pure fresh air, which resulted in good health."

"A lady will also add her testimony as to its educational value, by recalling how, when waiting

### MOON MOAN

IF anyone thinks Said the Man, in the Moon (Crossley)

That I have nothing better to do Than to sit here Answering radar echoes They have another think coming.

There are all my poets And writers of song To consider To say nothing of lovers and harvests To shine on.

Not to mention tides, Wearing a halo when it's going to rain And being haled to By hounds.

Kindly tell the scientists I am overworked And wish They would leave me alone with my craters.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

### W.A.S.P.S. Needed

MRS. ARTHUR RICE, of Kogarah, N.S.W., formerly Dulcie Edwards, of Armidale, is thinking of calling in the W.A.S.P.S. (Women's Agricultural Security Production Service) to cut the grass on her front lawn.

A few months ago she was taking of grass, crops, and vegetables in terms of thousands of acres and bushels. This was part of her job as assistant-organiser of the W.A.S.P.S.

She worked with W.A.S.P.S. from its inception with half a dozen girls, and watched it grow into a force of 3000 working all over N.S.W.

Now married to a former Spitfire pilot who spent three and a half years overseas, Dulcie's interests in crops have been reduced to several rows of vegetables in the backyard, and asters and snapdragons in the front garden.

But the ex-pilot is no gardener, and the girl whose eloquence recruited thousands of girls for the agricultural army can't talk her husband into mowing the lawn.

The ex-pilot is no gardener, and the girl whose eloquence recruited thousands of girls for the agricultural army can't talk her husband into mowing the lawn.

### Antique

PROBABLY the oldest train running in England is the 12.5 London, Midland, and Scottish from Sheffield to St. Pancras, which was put on in 1875. It still takes the same time to travel from station to station as it did in its youth, but it has been slightly spruced up.

The carriages have been converted into the corridor variety, the compartments are heated, and there is glass in the windows of the third-class carriages.

### Pommy query

THE Editor of our "What's On Your Mind" column reports to us that the largest batch of letters she has yet received came in answer to a query about the origin of the word "Pommy."

The question was asked by Mrs. D. L. Paul, of Adelaide, who received 30 explanatory letters.

Of the 110 letters sent to the office the answers are divided as follows:

Forty-two people wrote in to say that the word is obviously derived from the fact that English people have pink cheeks, and "pommy" is an abbreviation of pomegranate, the fruit to which their complexion was originally likened.

Thirty-nine plump for the reason that the English in Australia were commonly known as "immigrants." The word later became "Jimmigrants," then "pommyigrants," and was finally shortened to Pommy.

Twenty-one readers explained that it came from P.O.M.E., the abbreviation of the words "Prisoners of Mother England," a term applied to the convicts.

This explanation was given in this column last year by Mr. F. L. Parker, Clerk of the House of Assembly in South Australia.

Three said it came from "Pomme," the French word for apple, once more referring to the high-colored English complexion.

Our expert on etymology informs us that no derivation has yet been finally accepted.

### THE LITTLE SCOUTS



### Banana boat arrives

THE first banana boat to reach an English port for five years was given a civic reception at Avonmouth.

A letter from the Voluntary Women's Services describes the event.

The Mayor and the Corporation greeted the bananas, and a small girl who had never tasted one was invited on board to eat her first.

The reports of what the little girl said vary, but it appears that she was not unduly excited by the taste.

"Probably it takes time and the slow eating of many bananas to enjoy them."

"The bananas are not in the shops yet. They have been stored away to ripen, and it is possible that London will not receive her quota until this month."

"When they do reach the green-grocers they will be sold only to children under 18."

"It is to be hoped that children show a little tact about the way they eat the fruit."

"Two or three winters ago when our diet was particularly monotonous a few oranges arrived. These were reserved for small children."

"I remember one small child who took her orange to the pictures and proceeded to eat it."

"Immediately every adult within smelling distance forgot the film and turned to take in the good smell of orange juice."

"Several women near the child leaned forward and asked her for the peel to make some marmalade jam with."

### Aerial Laundry

A CANADIAN airman, P/O. Bruce Walker, is making good peaceful use of his skill acquired as a Pathfinder pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force serving over Europe.

Each week as he flies over his family farm near Cardston, Saskatchewan, ferrying aircraft to the west coast, he drops his laundry, wrapped in a neat parcel.

His mother picks it up, washes and irons it, and then posts the clean batch of clothes to him.

### Pub life

A LETTER from a Queensland Air Force officer in London tells us about Shepherd's pub in Shepherd's Market, a favorite haunt for R.A.F. men, including a good few Australians, who by now have come to love the leisurely English drinking.

"The proprietor," he writes, "is a Swiss gentleman of the name of Oscar. He certainly keeps things in control with an ease that amuses me. Only good types are admitted, and if any odd types do penetrate the sacred portals they vanish quite unobtrusively within five minutes."

"Sitting round with your pint in this comfortable place you can certainly hear the unofficial history of the R.A.F.," continues the writer.

"Two interesting facts I heard about the Malta show were that the island was so short of food that everyone was ordered not to walk any further than their duty required.

"This was known as the 'conservation of energy' order."

"Also when a certain type of plane, the Wimpy, was sent up, it carried only 300 gallons of fuel instead of the usual 800, so that if it was shot down it wouldn't waste the 600."

THERE was a grim touch to a gift at a New York girl's recent bridal shower. One of the gifts was a rolling pin with this note attached: "Useful when you knead dough."

A DOWAGER well known in Reno divorce centre has been divorced so often the Judge suggested that next time she weds the clerk stamp "Not Renewable" on the marriage contract.

so that it hooked through the straps, giving her a comfortable grip.

A WOMAN has brought a suit against a department store for damages because the perfume she bought, guaranteed to make her

A G.I. wearing two stars on his good conduct medal was asked at a Long Island party this week to explain them.

He said he won them for being so gentlemanly when he met Lana Turner and Jane Russell.

He didn't let out one wolf howl.



SATIN GOWN for Lois Bateman when she weds Flight-Lieut. Clem Walsh, R.A.A.F., at St. Brigid's Church. Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bateman, of Tamworth.



ADMIRING PRESENTS. From left, Mesdames A. Solansky, S. Gruska, and J. B. D. Pennink at their farewell party given at Usher's by Sydney Consular Corps. Their husbands have just completed terms as Consul-Generals.



INFORMAL PICTURE of newlywed Lieut. and Mrs. Keith Drayton through their window at Australia Hotel. Mrs. Drayton was formerly Jill Davidson, of Garneema, Tamworth. Keith comes from East Maitland.

## Intimate, Greetings



ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Miss Mona Cook, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cook, of Vaucluse, and her fiance, Lieut. Bruce Bowen, A.I.F., son of Commander and Mrs. Griffiths Bowen, also of Vaucluse.



FINISHING TOUCHES. Artists Yvonne Francart and Cedric Flower complete their gay mural in the reception room at Glenelg.



BRIDE Joy Allen (centre) with her bridesmaids (from left) Fifi Malouf, Yvonne Allen, Nancy Glassheen, and Joy Sobb. Miss Allen will marry Philip Malouf on March 2. Reception for 200 guests at Coovee Bay Hotel.

CHEERY party at the David Baxters' home at Darling Point to celebrate return of their two nephews, Ralph Perrier, who was a prisoner of war in Singapore, and Rick Oden, just back from New Guinea. Mrs. Baxter tells me that party was postponed twice. Originally planned for December 12, lighting restrictions prevented it. Next date was in January, but as Rick hadn't arrived by then it was put off till last week. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bedgegood, Mr. and Mrs. John Bovill, Lieut. and Mrs. Jim Welham, Mrs. Pat Field, Marie Louise Stuart Doyle, and Mr. and Mrs. B. O'Connor.



AFTERNOON WEDDING. Lieut. (S.) Barrington Funnel, R.N.V.R., leaving St. Mary's with his bride, the former Claire Pritchard, daughter of the late H. G. Pritchard and Mrs. M. Pritchard, of Gunnedah. Bridegroom comes from Godalming, Surrey.



QUIET afternoon wedding last week for Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Norton Knight at All Saints' Woolloola. Mrs. Knight was formerly Molly Carey, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Carey of Bowral, and the widow of Mr. Peter Norton Knight. She wears an informal frock of blue crepe with a curvette of blue to match. After the ceremony Lady Reading, her aunt, entertains members of the family at a small reception at her home.

ATTRACTIVE Dorothy Williams is spending a few weeks at Manly. She and her mother, Mrs. E. R. Williams, have taken a flat there. Dorothy has interesting job these days at UNRRA. Tells me she is busy seeing to travel arrangements for UNRRA workers being sent overseas. Says that fixing up passports and booking passages is making her anxious to do some more travelling herself.

POPULAR couple Mr. and Mrs. Robert Godsall, after round of farewells, leave Adelaide to make their home in Sydney. Mrs. Godsall and baby son James travel by car. Mrs. Kenneth Wills accompanies them as far as Sydney. Robert sails his yacht, assisted by Ken Horn, who is also Sydney bound. At end of February couple move into Dr. Godsall's house at Palm Beach. Until then they are guests of Mrs. Godsall's sister, Mrs. R. Griffin, at Double Bay.

COUNTRY WEDDING. Sgt. and Mrs. Roy Heffernan leaving St. John's Church, Canberra. Bride was Roma Dwyer, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Dwyer, of Canberra. Groom is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Heffernan, Melbourne.

MR. AND MRS. R. F. STEPHENS, of Leederville, W.A., are being congratulated on the birth of a son, Rodney Bruce. Before her marriage Mrs. Stephens was Nell Massey, and was attached to the nursing staff of Prince Henry Hospital.

PAUL PHILIPPE are the names chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Scamps of Gordon, for their second son. The baby will be christened shortly at St. Martin's Church, Killara. His godmother will be Mrs. Harold McGregor, of Adelaide. Mr. and Mrs. Scamps' other two children are Roger and Antoinette. Joyce

**W**HEN David had gone, Miss Darlington carried the ring of flowers into the drawing-room.

As she put it down on a table her eyes strayed up to the portraits on the walls; the still, painted faces seemed to be watching her—little lonely spinster, Enid Darlington—the last of them all. Hubert Darlington in his ruff; he had sailed the Spanish Main with Drake; eighteenth century Rodney, naturalist, explorer of tropical seas; Robert Darlington, Queen Anne's ambassador at the Venetian Court.

With a sigh she turned away. No, it couldn't be. She had been unaware of Ted, watching her from the door. Now he entered and she seated herself sedately and watched him lift the Bristol decanter from the antique silver tray and pour the sherry into the glasses.

After dinner—anxiously aware that youth must be entertained—she suggested a movie. So they walked, a short-cut across the fields, to the village.

The show had started when they took their seats, but when the lights went up after the first picture she sat forward, her eyes flitting over the people in the hall, the familiar Friday night audience—Hobbs the butcher, the young man from the bank, Dr. and Mrs. Maitland, workers from nearby farms, soldiers with their girls, the usual preponderance of urchins.

Then presently she became aware of a strange phenomenon; all the heads in the crowded small building seemed to be turned in her direction, the faces in the naked glare of the lights gazing her way. . . . Good gracious, why were they all staring towards the row where she and Ted were sitting?

Startled, she threw a look over her shoulder. Was there something at the back there that she couldn't see? But no, there didn't seem to be anything there. Strange! It really did appear as though they were all looking at her and Ted, talking about them, pointing them out, staring. Well, really!

She glanced round at him. He was sitting unusually still and his face had gone red as though he, too, were uncomfortably aware of the interest they were creating.

Agitated, Miss Darlington whispered: "What is it, Ted? What can it be? They seem to be looking at us."

He shifted uneasily in his seat. "They certainly do," he mumbled. "Shall we beat it?"

But it wasn't so easy; for as they turned to go down the aisle people turned forward and some even stood up to catch a glimpse as they passed. Suddenly a small boy, followed by two others, darted out and held pencil and autograph book under Ted's nose.

Blushing scarlet he took the nearest book and hastily scrawled in it, while over his shoulder—in utter bewilderment she read the name: Edward Clements.

Edward Clements . . . Of course! Now she remembered! Now she knew. She had read that name before, only a day or two ago, in the newspaper. There had been a picture of him, too. She hadn't recognised it, but others hadn't been so dull. That little piece of ribbon that he wore hadn't meant anything to her.

Edward Clements, hero of an incident so brave that her heart had

beaten with emotion as she read it. In an air battle over an East Coast town he had brought down two Messerschmitts, and though wounded himself—and with other members of his crew dead and wounded—had put out fires and fought off another enemy plane, showing such outstanding bravery and coolness that he had been awarded the highest honor his country could give.

This was the boy she had spoken to and taken home out of a kind of pity. Pride, homage, surged up in Enid Darlington's heart and quick tears shone in her eyes.

She wasn't the only one to feel this wave of emotion. Suddenly someone began to clap, everyone took it up, and the audience of Abbott's Lane Cross paid its tribute to the story of valor that never fails to thrill.

She was still trembling with excitement as they walked home in the darkness across the dew-wet fields. As though there were wine in her head she stumbled a little, boding Ted's arm.

When they got in she went straight to her room and Ted went out again for a stroll.

But she wasn't asleep when she heard him come in later, and at the same moment the telephone rang. He answered it, and she slipped on her dressing-gown and went to the top of the stairs.

"Is it for me, Ted?"

The receiver in his hand, he looked at her.

"No, it's for me, Miss Darlington. Seem to be a blot from the local paper. He seems to be wanting a story."

The smile on Miss Darlington's

face as she went back to bed was oddly motherly, possessive.

It was eleven o'clock next morning before the local weekly paper was left at the manor. She hadn't seen Ted. He had had his breakfast and gone out by the time she came down rather late for her tea and toast.

She picked up the paper and took it into the drawing-room, and there—seated below Romney's portrait of Admiral Sir Almeric Darlington—read the story that equalled even his triumphs in Nelson's battles.

Then suddenly, as her eye went down the column, the print began to dance before her eyes. No, no, she must be dreaming! Ted—David Massey's son! It couldn't be true! Her eyes ate up the words: David's early marriage and speedy divorce twenty-three years ago in Sydney—the boy had taken his stepfather's name—now his mother was dead, and Ted, stationed with the R.A.A.F. in England, had come down to Abbott's Lane Cross to look up the father whom he had never known.

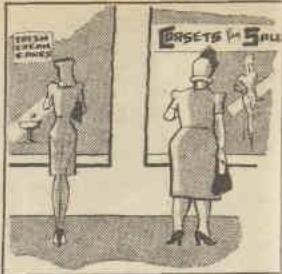
At last the paper dropped to her lap, and she sat quite still, facing the open window. Something was happening inside her, something that seemed to be taking hold of her everyday world and twisting it into new shapes. New ideas, new values were thrusting out the old.

David and Ted—these were the men whom future generations would look up to; the men who were making history to-day. Years hence Ted's portrait—and maybe his father's—would hang on the wall . . . ancestors to be proud of . . . as distinguished as her own . . .

She rose and walked slowly up and down the long room under the massive gold-framed portraits.

And she had thought herself too good to marry David Massey! Throwing away happiness, letting the dead overshadow the living; like some primitive ancestor-worshipper in the grip of a meaningless taboo.

Perhaps it was only coincidence that so many people passed that way this morning, and, happening



to pass, dropped in to see Miss Darlington and discuss the great event.

By twelve o'clock when David and Ted came in the drawing-room was crowded and the last few bottles of wine were flowing quite rashly. It was like a reception for two celebrities. Across the room Miss Darlington lifted a hand trembling with excitement to greet them, and Ted came straight over to her.

"You're not angry with me, are you? I couldn't tell you my secret till I'd been over and seen Dad last night. I had to be sure he wanted to own me."

That morning—for the first time, perhaps, in the family annals—a Darlington was not the centre of an Abbott's Lane Cross social gathering.

Standing a little apart, flushed and bright-eyed, she watched friends and neighbors clustering round David, congratulating him on his famous son.

As though feeling her gaze on him David came over, took her hand, and looked down at her.

Her eyes, alive with a new happiness, flashed her message to him.

Across the room Dr. Maitland had lit his glass.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "I suggest we drink the health of David Massey, our old friend, and Ted, our new one."

David didn't let go her hand. He knew the moment was his, and he wasn't going to let it escape him.

Facing round he said: "Thanks, doctor. And I'd like you to include in that toast our hostess—Ted's future stepmother."

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P.286.19



EDDIE CAHILL, Queensland-born pianist, hopes to revisit Australia next year.

## Australian pianist plays for Windsors

By BETTY WILSON from Paris

Eddie Cahill, Australian-born pianist, who has spent the past six years in Switzerland, is now in Paris.

He has given his first public recital here since 1934, and has played privately for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

**I**N Switzerland Eddie Cahill stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sieger at their house at Montreux, where they entertained many Australian soldiers who escaped from Germany and Italy.

Practically all British and Australian soldiers who escaped to Montreux were guests at the Siegers'. Mr. Cahill gave concerts to raise money for their welfare, and when the first batch of Australians got through he gave a special recital to raise money to provide comfortable beds for them instead of palliasses.

Both the late John Curtin and

Mr. Menzies, when Prime Minister, cabled Mr. Cahill congratulating him on the work he was doing for Australian and British troops.

He also raised money for the British Red Cross, and for French, Dutch, Swiss, and Polish societies working for refugees.

"During the whole war," he said. "I have never made as much as a postage stamp for myself."

Eddie Cahill, who came originally from Brisbane, was a protege of Melba, for whom he played in 1917.

He left Australia on his first world tour in 1923. He was accompanied by George Brooke, tenor, who died in Melbourne in 1936.

In 1940 he was packing to return to France from Italy when news came of Germany's invasion of Belgium and Holland, and as a result he stayed for the duration in Switzerland.

He hopes to return to Australia next year.

Now in Paris he is busy meeting old friends. One of them is Lady Michelham, a relative of Lord Dudley, former Australian Governor-General.

Lady Michelham has a suite at the Ritz, and has given several parties for him. At one of these parties he met the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

The Duke talked about Australia to Mr. Cahill, and said that he would very much like to visit the Commonwealth again.

"He looks much older," said Mr. Cahill, "but still has all the charm he had as a young man."

## Continuing . . . Brief Heaven

from page 9

"Yes, sir," said Jim. They all drifted meekly from the room and gently closed the door. At once their meekness vanished. "That's the girl!" Jim whispered hoarsely, and slapped Jerry on the back. The sleepy-faced man slapped Jim on the back. Then Jim kissed Claudia on the sleepy-cheeks, and Jerry pushed the sleepy-faced man in the stomach, rather awkwardly, but very happily.

"Good-bye," said Claudia.

Nobody paid any attention to her. They swung down the passage, back to the little smoke-filled cubby-hole, and Claudia kept on walking. Even Jerry didn't pay any attention to her. He was like a little boy who was at last allowed to play with the big boys.

She couldn't find her way out. She opened the wrong door and said, "Excuse me," and closed the door very quickly. Eventually she found her way to the lift, past the crowds of people who were waiting.

As she reached the street door a sense of complete unreality surrounded her. "Let me see," she thought. "I was on my way to the station when this happened." She glanced at her watch. It was already six o'clock. "I'd better go to Julia and Hartley's after all," she decided.

Julia was in Scotland and Hartley was in the Midlands, but the household ran on just the same as if they were at home. The slightly lame maid knew Claudia, and was glad of a little company. She led the way up the lovely curved staircase to the goostroom.

"Will you have a tray of supper up here, Miss Claudia, or would you care to eat in the dining-room?"

"Up here," said Claudia. "I'll have a bath and hop straight into bed."

It was a delicious supper. She couldn't help thinking of David frying chops for the children and washing up afterwards. "The place will be a mess when I get home," she thought, wincing away from the images that crowded untidily into her mind.

Staying at Hartley and Julia's overnight was the worst possible thing for her to do. It laid her open to the theatre germ. She would have been perfectly all right if she had gone straight home, where she belonged. She'd have been so busy cooking dinner that she wouldn't have had the time to imagine herself a great star, with bath towels as big as sheets and as thick as a fleece blanket.

It had been sheer heaven to roll herself in one of them, without worrying about the laundry bill. Julia's bathroom was very becoming to her, anyway. She looked very nice, she decided. No one would ever have thought she had been married almost eight years, with two children. Why had she been so quick to turn her back on the chance to read the part of *Corneille*?

Lucy came in for the tray. "Is there anything else, Miss Claudia?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Claudia.

Lucy lingered a little, and asked about David and the children.

Eventually, however, she departed for the night, and Claudia picked up the telephone from the bedside table and rang David. She wanted to tell him about meeting Jerry Seymour and Mr. Goldheart, but suddenly she changed her mind. His voice sounded too lonely.

"What train are you catching in the morning?" he asked.

"Twelve o'clock. I'll have sandwiches on the train."

"Good-bye," said David. "I'll be waiting for you."

"I bet you missed me," she said.

"It's been awful," he confessed.

"The whole place misses you."

"That's that," said Claudia aloud, as she hung up the receiver. She pulled Julia's soft white blankets up to her chin and lay staring at the ceiling.

David was standing, when the train rolled in the next day, exactly where he had waved good-bye the day before, and Matthew was clinging to his hand, as if they had never moved from the spot, but had just stood waiting for her to come back.

"Your face is so nice and cold," she said as she kissed him. "And you smell like the dairy."

"Thanks," he said.

"It's a compliment," she informed him, "of a most superior kind. No-

body I met in town smelt of one little bit of a dairy, poor dears. How is Bobby, by the way?"

"He's got aches and pains," said David from wearing his brown shirt for school again."

Claudia laughed and got round to Matthew, who stood staring at her with his cap too far down over his forehead, in need of a mother's care.

"No kiss?" she asked him, prettying him up a little.

He looked embarrassed.

"Come, come, I haven't been away as long as that," she said. She hugged him. "The crowses will be up before we know it."

"What kind of a non-sequitur is that?" asked David. "I brought the lorry down. I had to pick up some crates at the station. I hope you don't mind."

"The lorry is my favorite limousine," she said. "Did we sell the car?"

"No, but we cut the lambs' tails," said David, as they got into the lorry.

"Don't mind the kitchen," he warned her, as they turned into it some time later.

"I know," she said.

She tackled the washing-up first, and after that the sitting-room floor and the beds, which would have looked tidier had he left them unmade, and started a split-pea soup for supper. The bus lumbered up to the door at four o'clock. The dog barked. A door slammed. Bobby was home.

He was so glad to see her that all he could say was: "Why don't we have tangerines any more?"

She thought about it.

"I don't really know," she said.

He sniffed the air, growling.

"It's split-pea soup. Why do we have to have split-pea soup all the time?"

"Because it's a lot of nourish-

ment," she said, "in one fell swoop!"

"Where's Dad?"

"In the chicken-house."

He kissed her for the first time.

"I must do my job," he said.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said.

The telephone bell rang. It was a trunk call. She didn't care, because everybody was at home. She wouldn't have cared if it were a telegram. It was like having all your possessions in a single suitcase.

David appeared while she was waiting for the call to come through. "Who is it?" he asked.

"For you, I suppose. I don't know. Better get on the other line and listen."

It took a little time for the connection to be made, so they talked to each other, feeling that they were getting a great bargain.

"You don't think something could go hay-wire, and we'd be charged?" Claudia asked in sudden apprehension.

"Certainly," said David.

"I want to speak to Mrs. Naughton," a voice intruded from nowhere. "Mrs. Claudia Naughton."

She recognised the voice immediately. He had no right to make her sound like a widow.

"This is Mrs. David Naughton," she corrected him.

"Well, this is Jerry Seymour. Where'd you disappear to yesterday?"

She could literally see David's ears go up, but there was nothing to do about it, so she gave Jerry a perfectly forthright answer.

"I slept at my sister-in-law's, and then I came back to the country."

"Well, I wish you'd stayed," he told her. "Sam wants to see you again tomorrow at eleven."

"But I don't want to see Sam again," said Claudia. "It's awfully nice of you and everything, but really—"

She tried to be elliptical as possible, but Jerry came right to the point.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "He'll pay you thirty pounds a week."

"No," said Claudia. "I can't possibly."

"I'd have to have a housekeeper to take care of the housekeeper," she said.

"I must ring off now," she said. "My split-pea soup is burning. Good-bye."

"Come back!" Jerry shouted, but she put the receiver back. "It actually does burn on the bottom," she said to David. "Get out of my way, I must stir it!"

David did not get out of her way. He deliberately blocked her path.

"Who?" he inquired, "is Sam?"

"Goldheart," she answered faintly, "the producer."

He let her pass, and she went back to the kitchen and stirred the soup. She expected him to follow her, but he didn't, and so she had to go and find him. He was putting logs in the fireplace in the bedroom.

"Don't be a fool," she said.

He got to his feet and brushed himself.

"You don't have to tell me anything you don't want to tell me," he said quite gently. "That's all right."

"I would never have told you," she said frankly. "But now I might as well. Sit down. And take that look out of your eyes. I don't like it."

"I'll take my eyes out if they bother you," he returned politely.

She gave a little giggle, and after that it was easier, and she enjoyed every word of the story, and added flourishes here and there as she saw that he was enjoying it, too. But at the end he got serious again.

"I'll take my eyes out if they bother you," he returned politely.

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*Once we were like this...  
can we bring it back?*

The story of a wife  
who overcame shame  
and hate . . . who  
stifled her fury and  
fled from her past . . .  
to love again and  
live again with the  
man she had married.

# *This Love of Ours*

starring

MERLE OBERON CLAUDE RAINS CHARLES KORVIN

A  
UNIVERSAL  
PICTURE

with CARL ESMOND • SUE ENGLAND • JESS BARKER

RALPH MORGAN • FRITZ LEIBER • HARRY DAVENPORT

Screenplay by Bruce Manning, John Klorer and Leonard Lee • Based upon  
the play entitled "Come Prima Meglio De Prima" by Luigi Pirandello

PIRANDELLO'S dramatic classic reaches full greatness on the screen!

Directed by  
WILLIAM DIETERLE  
Produced by  
HOWARD BENEDICT

# FilmReviews

## ★★★ THIS HAPPY BREED

IMPECCABLE casting, grand technicolor, and the ability of Noel Coward as the author make this British film released by Fox tops in entertainment.

The simplicity of the story, which tells of the life of a middle-class London family from World War I to 1939, has a human appeal which holds the interest throughout.

The main burden of acting falls on Robert Newton as Frank Gibbons, and he gets every ounce of effect from every line. Colleen Johnson as his wife is equally good. It is hard to believe that they are acting. John Mills, Stanley Holloway, Kay Walsh, and Alison Leggat all combine to make a film which is as British as a good, healthy helping of roast-beef and apple-pie.—*Esquire*: showing.

## ★★ JANIE

WARNERS' diverting comedy of a small-town sub-deb, and the effect upon her social life of an Army contingent, is delightfully handled by fresh-faced newcomer Joyce Reynolds as "Janie." Robert Hutton's young soldier and Clare Foley's irritating small sister are ideally cast. And Edward Arnold, Ann Harding, and Robert Benchley make suitably harried adult relations.—*Mayfair*: showing.

## ★★ NAUGHTY 'NINETIES

ABOTT and Costello board a showboat in the 'nineties, rescue Captain Henry Travers from plotting gamblers, and put over the same old gags in the same old way. The boys certainly need new material. Others present include Alan Curtis, Rita Johnson.—*Capitol*: showing.

## ★★ PILLOW TO POST

IDA LUPINO and Sydney Greenstreet, taking an unhappy holiday from drama, share this dated and trivial comedy.

Based upon the wartime shortage of accommodation near Army camps, the story makes Ida masquerade as the wife of William Prince's lieutenant, in order to get a room. Greenstreet is the censorious camp colonel, and Stuart Erwin, with Ruth Donnelly, provides some labored humor.—*Empire*: showing.



GLAMOR GIRL meets glamor girl. Rita Hayworth entertains Shirley Temple on the set of Columbia's "Gilda" shortly after Shirley (Mrs. John Agar, jun.) returned from her honeymoon.

# His tour of Britain exhausted this new star

By BILL STRUTTON from London.

TALL, dark, and rugged Michael Rennie, Britain's new idol, is just recuperating from an exhausting personal appearance tour—on which his tie, handkerchiefs, collar, and shirtcuffs were wrenched from his person by mobbing English girls.

Rennie, with a rueful grin, told me yesterday, "They are now starting to swoon, a la Sinatra."

One pretty fan begged him for a photograph of himself, took a long look at the picture, then fainted.

The films which aroused this adoration of Rennie are "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," a period musical with Margaret Lockwood, and "The Wicked Lady," in which he loses Margaret Lockwood to the sinister spell of James Mason's highwayman.

Gainsborough Studio, regarding Rennie as its top bet for 1946, will star him with Phyllis Calvert as soon as a suitable film can be found.

SCOTLAND YARD'S famous emergency telephone number, "999," is the title for British National's film of the crime wave now sweeping England. The picture is a challenge to America's former monopoly of slick gangster yarns, with cameras focused on London's underworld of black market racketeers and crooks, and the dock of The Old Bailey.

FASCINATING hobby of the rector of St. Mary's Church, Denham, is helping to direct films showing religious services. He has just finished advising on Dickens' "Great Expectations," which includes a funeral service among its sequences. The rector "directed"



LATEST PORTRAIT of Michael Rennie, England's newest masculine star.

the church service in "One of Our Aircraft is Missing," which was filmed in his church, which dates back to William the Conqueror.

## Bob Newton prefers staying home

By Airmail from our London correspondent

Popular English stage and film star Robert Newton is one of the few actors for whom Hollywood has no allure.

IN 1938 and again in 1945 he turned down lucrative offers of Hollywood contracts.

Forty years old, and not the handsome type, popular Bob Newton has crammed a lot of jobs into his life.

The one for which he probably received the least pay was his World

War II Royal Navy service, when he enlisted and served as an able seaman for two and a half years.

He was given a medical discharge in 1943.

Few actors have had a more varied stage and film career.

Born in Cornwall, Bob went on the stage at 14, and appeared in many repertory shows, till he suddenly decided to try outdoor life and went to Canada.

He worked on a cattle ranch for a year, and then returned to England and went on the stage.

He played with Gladys Cooper in "The Letter," and with Tallulah Bankhead in "Cardboard Lover." Then he went to America and appeared in Noel Coward's "Private Lives," on Broadway.

When he returned to England he went into one stage success after another, and had an interesting interlude as actor-manager at the Grand Theatre, Fulham.

Eighteen months ago he returned to the British stage, and played the role of Slim Grissom in the hard-boiled version of James Hadley Chase's thriller, "No Orchids For Miss Blandish." At the same time Bob renewed his film career.

His splendid portrayal of the role of Frank Gibbons in Noel Coward's technicolor film, "This Happy Breed," brought further fame to the actor, his reward being the part of Pistol in "Henry V," starring Laurence Olivier.

At the end of 1945, while he was completing the starring role in "Night Boat to Dublin," in which he takes the part of a British intelligence officer tracking down Nazi atom bomb spies, Newton was offered ten thousand pounds sterling to go to Hollywood to play opposite Paulette Goddard.

He refused the contract, giving as his main reason that the notice was too short.

His next film for Two Cities will be "Great Expectations," an adaptation of Dickens' novel.

ANNA NEAGLE, one of the keenest buyers at the London spring fashion collections, is choosing frocks for her new film, "Piccadilly Incident," to be directed by her husband, Herbert Wilcox. Anna likes best the collection of designer Victor Stiebel. The star herself, one of the best-dressed women in London, is softly feminine in her taste, with a love for flower-trimmed hats and veiling. Her favorite accessory, however, is an outside pair of diamond Air Force wings—about a handspan from wingtip to wingtip—which glitters in the lapel of every suit she wears.

EXOTIC French star Marta Lehari, who is familiar to pre-war fans through Jack Buchanan's "Second Bureau" and "Break the News," is back in London on her way to join a British location unit in Rome. She will star in John Sturges' "Three Came to Babylon," the first all-British film to be made in Italy.

During the war Marta sang in Paris music-halls, annoyed German officers with sly anti-Nazi jibes concealed in verses which they couldn't understand.

ALTHOUGH Gracie Fields is threatening to retire to her villa on Capri, to make wine from her own grapes and watch husband Monty Banks cook spaghetti in his cafe, she admitted on her flying two-and-a-half-day visit to England that a good film offer would tempt her. Gracie is off to Greece, to entertain the Yanks, has an American radio contract for three months, is planning a "Farewell" tour of Britain for charity, and is considering an invitation to sing in Rome; but no film offers are coming up.

I CAN'T HELP MY UGLY LOOKS!  
GRITTY CLEANSERS THAT  
SCRAPE THINGS  
CLEAN RUIN PRECIOUS  
POTS AND PANS IN NO TIME



Clean Smoothly with  
**VIM**  
-NEVER SCRATCHES

YOU'D NEVER GUESS MY  
REAL AGE 'CAUSE SMOOTH  
CLEANING WITH VIM'S FINE  
SOAP-COATED PARTICLES  
KEEPS ME NEW-LOOKING!



Vm.6.31

IF HER  
POWDER PUFF  
COULD TALK . . .

MY DEAR,  
YOUR SKIN IS  
GETTING BLOCHY,  
UNATTRACTIVE.  
AND DO I  
SEE A  
BLACKHEAD?

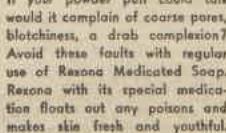


AND THEN

I LOVE  
TO BE  
NEAR YOU  
SALLY —  
YOUR SKIN  
IS SO  
LOVELY



THINKS:  
I'D NEVER  
HAVE HEARD  
THOSE WORDS  
FROM BILL  
IF REXONA  
HADN'T  
HELPED MY  
SKIN!



Powder can only mask ugly skin faults.  
Clear them right away with  
**Rexona**  
MEDICATED SOAP



If your powder puff could talk would it complain of coarse pores, blotchiness, a drab complexion? Avoid these faults with regular use of Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona with its special medication floats out any poisons and makes skin fresh and youthful. Keep your skin kissable, naturally lovely with Rexona.

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL,  
an exclusive Balsamo Compound  
comprising Oils of Cinnamon,  
Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and  
Benzyl Acetate—all recognised  
valuable Skin Medicaments.

X.46.24

# Van Johnson loves being popular

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Van Johnson's recent visit to Washington to help the Anti-Infantile Paralysis campaign proved his popularity bigger than ever.

Amazing scenes of screaming and fainting bobby-sockers marked the arrival of the Hollywood train, when the 6 ft. 2 in. freckled star was mobbed.

I WAS so impressed by this latest demonstration of the "Van Johnson craze" that I decided the time had come for me to interview the idol in person.

Since Van loves meeting people, and is still genuinely amazed by his immense popularity, it was not difficult to arrange an appointment.

The star's house was recently sold over his head—and we had our talk in the cosy little bar of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he is staying.

The 29-year-old, broad-shouldered star, who was fiercely chewing gum, greeted me like a long-lost sister, and talked to me in the same way.

"Am I looking too londy? Everybody is looking over here," he commented anxiously in the first couple of minutes.

He honestly believed that people were not staring simply because he is Van Johnson; his naivete is refreshing.

But no shyness kept him from chewing gum.

When I mentioned the habit, Van grinned and replied that he loved it.

"I start chewing the first thing in the morning after brushing my teeth. Kids have been grand about it; and when gum was almost im-

possible to get during the war, gave it to me—they saved up."

Van is not handsome by ordinary standards; but his blue eyes glow with sincerity and friendliness.

He affects a typical Hollywood carelessness in dress.

His favorite outfit consists of slacks, a sweater, a "loafer" jacket, and sloppy Mexican sandals.

He made me feel the quality of the fleecy yellow sweater he was wearing, and proudly added that it was a gift from a fan-club.

"Gosh, it thrills me all over to think people are doing nice things for me. It makes me feel warm inside. It is nice to be liked," he said.

He feels a great responsibility towards his fans and is always terrified that when kids gather to glimpse him someone might get hurt.

A combination of Swedish ancestry and New England upbringing gave Van the determination which finally placed him at the top in Hollywood, but there is no stubbornness in his make-up. Everybody in the studio likes him, and his modestly understanding willingness to co-operate makes this completely understandable.

Van is completely enthralled with picture-making and has always wanted to be a movie star. As a child his idols were Clark Gable



VAN JOHNSON, who has a passion for gramophone records, relaxes after a day in the studio.

and Spencer Tracy, and the fact that he works with them now fills him with awe.

He thinks that Greta Garbo is the greatest actress of them all, and says young actresses should study her technique if they want to get to the top and stay there.

When he spoke of Irene Dunne a note of reverence crept into his voice and he said, "She is a great lady."

Van had three Hollywood tries before Metro finally gave him a chance to prove himself. He was tested by RKO, Columbia, and Warner, and each time he was sent back to an unspectacular Broadway musical career. Just before leaving town the third time he was spotted in a restaurant by MGM's talent head, and was told to report to MGM the following day. He started his career at that studio in "Crime Does Not Pay" shorts, as once did Robert Taylor and others.

Van was an extra in "Somewhere I'll Find You," which co-starred Clark Gable and Lana Turner, but he never even met the stars. That time, however, he did meet Keenan Wynn, who became his best friend.

Van was driving to the studio with Keenan Wynn and his wife (shortly after "A Guy Named Joe" had begun shooting), when they had an automobile crash.

Van was almost scalped, and his injuries included so many deep

wounds (you can still see the forehead scars) that it looked as if his career was over.

Irene Dunne insisted, however, that the production of "A Guy Named Joe" should be held up until he recovered. No wonder he worships her.

Recently a mob of teen-agers arrived at Metro with their foreheads stamped with "I Love Van Johnson." Van treated them as personal friends and bought them coca-colas at the studio restaurant and took them sightseeing, loving every minute of it.

Said Van, "Imagine their coming out just to see me. Gosh, it's nice to be liked."

## Happy Rita Hayworth interested in Tony Martin

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

RITA Hayworth, back from her Palm Springs holiday, and wearing a beautiful mahogany suntan, shook hands with 200 people at Columbia's Press cocktail party this week—and successfully parried all questions about her divorce from Orson Welles.

The current man in Rita's life seems to be singer Tony Martin, her frequent escort to our gayest nightclubs.

But Rita refuses to tell even her dearest friends whether she will divorce Orson Welles; whether he will divorce her; or whether their present separation will just drift on.

Certainly, the star, her suntan setting off her dramatic black suit, looked both calm and happy at the party, which was held at Colony House, a smart Beverly Hills restaurant.

Her only rival in looks was blonde Anita Louise, who looked stunning in a pale green frock and a Dache model hat trimmed with green and silver sequins.

CHARLES BOYER'S French research library is being used extensively by Fox for research on Parisian modes and manners.

Charles started the project as an aid to University students interested in French literature and history, and now plans a new building of French design which he is erecting at his own expense in order to better acquaint Americans with French culture. Boyer is busy playing a comedy role in Fox's "Cluny Brown," with Jennifer Jones.

YOU will see Greer Garson playing a dual role in MGM's "The Chimes of Bruges" soon. The star will be both a regal beauty and a carefree English stage actress in the drama, which has a continental setting.

BASIL RATHBONE plans long-distance travelling between his home and his job. He is buying a house in New York, and will dash backwards and forwards to Hollywood making Sherlock Holmes films for Universal.

POPULAR director Sam Wood, who is in hospital with pneumonia, was visited this week by Ginger Rogers, Pierre Autmont, and Gary Cooper. Sam directed Gary in "Saratoga Trunk," and Ginger and Pierre in RKO's "Heartbeat."

I SAW Laraine Day trying on blue jeans overalls in a local department store, and learned that she was buying them for a party she is giving next week. "It is going to be an evening of old-fashioned square dances. I have invited 50 couples, who will all wear overalls or Western costumes; and we are decorating the playroom to look like a barn."

ALTHOUGH he is 80, veteran actor Harry Davenport is learning new tricks that fascinate his young leading lady, Margaret O'Brien. For scenes in their picture, "Three Wise Fools," Harry plays an elderly pixie, and has to wiggle his ears. Says he: "I am an old dog learning new tricks."

A USTRALIAN director John Farrow says he will make a 16-millimetre film as part of the Canadian Government's recreational programme, titled "How to Sail." Farrow, who was a Commander in the Canadian Navy, should know the answer.

IRENE DUNNE, who is at present working on "Anna and the King of Siam," told me casually, "To-day they are transplanting the river from the back lot on to the sound-stage because so many players contracted flu while working outside in the cold."

The old outdoor river was used in scenes for "The Rains Came," the new interior set will show Irene arriving in Siam by boat. The project will cost the studio 40,000 dollars—but this is cheaper, executives say, than paying the costs for players absent through illness.

Already, flu has held up "Anna and the King of Siam" for weeks.

L OUELLA PARSONS, husband Doctor Harry Martin, Bebe Daniels, and Hal Roach celebrated their joint birthdays at Louis Mayer's party. Three birthday cakes were presented. Dr. Martin had to share his wife's.



ALANA LADD poses with proud father, Alan Ladd.

son, she would spend hours in the store talking about babies to other customers.

Although Lucille Ball, wife of Cuban Desi Arnaz, is not expecting a baby, she is so keen on a family that she has made designer Young promise to design clothes for her some time in the future.

Lucille has already picked out the name for her baby—or rather twin babies—"Desi junior, and Susan, after my best friend, Susan Peters."

Twins run in her family, Lucille explains.

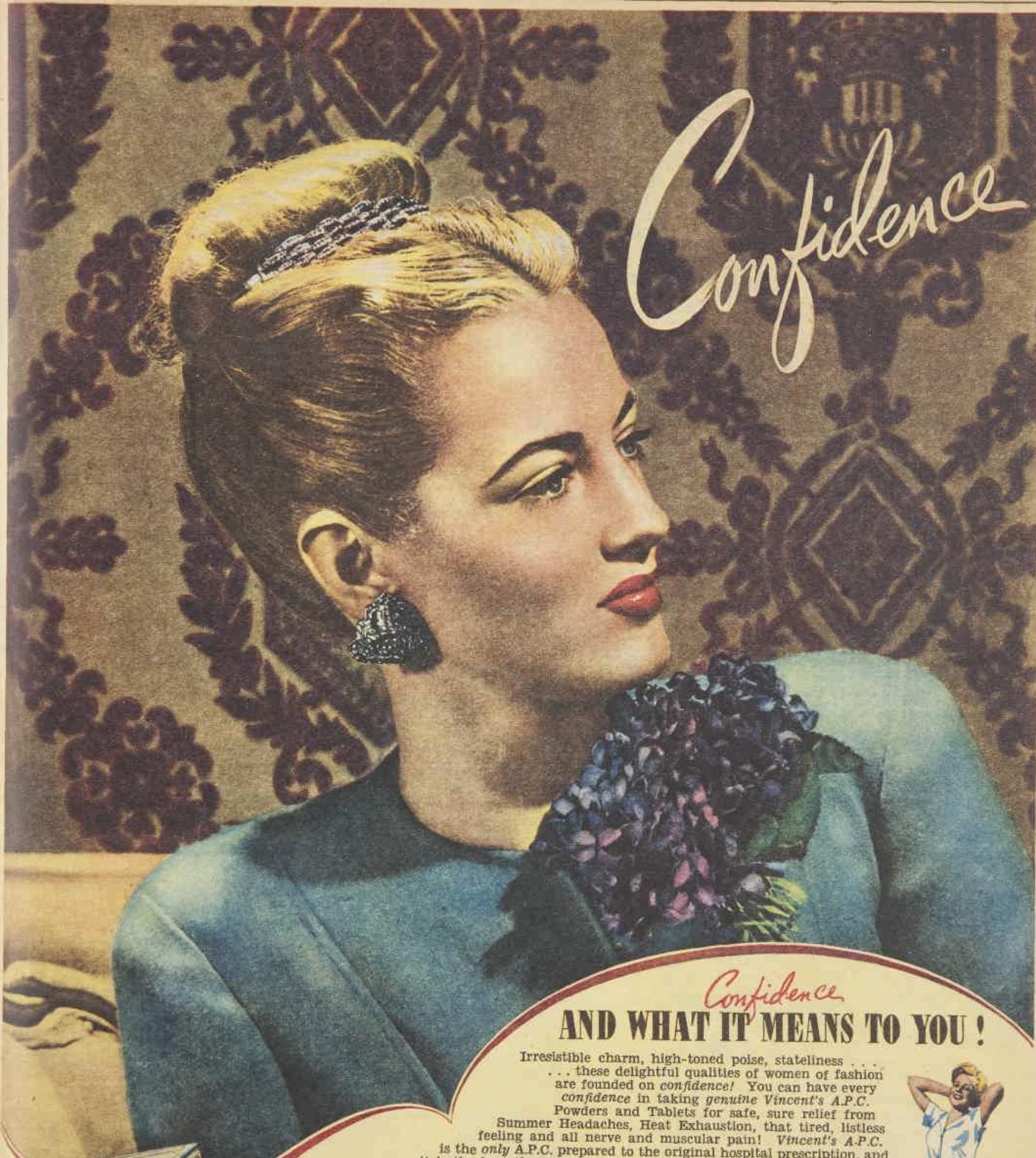
Most husbands shy away from the "Anticipation Shop" or at least wait outside in the car.

Alan Ladd, however, always came in with his wife Sue Carol; and after daughter Alana was born gave the shop their photograph with this inscription:

"To Julian, who helped to have our baby."

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**DeWitt's**  **Pills**

## Drama of the Spanish Main . . .



1 DUTCHMAN Laurent (Paul Henreid) turns pirate. He captures a galleon and forces Spanish Francisca (Maureen O'Hara) to marry him aboard the ship.



2 BETRAYED by his lieutenant, Da Bilar (John Emery), Laurent is captured by other pirates, led by Anne Bonny (Binnie Barnes), who is jealous of Francisca.



3 EXPECTING that Spanish Governor Don Juan Alvarado (Walter Slezak) will reward her, Anne Bonny is amazed when he orders her to be sent to gaol.



4 AFTER ESCAPING from Tortuga, Laurent goes to Cartagena. He finds that Don Juan expects to marry Francisca, not knowing that she is already Laurent's wife.



5 WHEN Laurent plans to release his friends from the gaol, the Spanish guards attack them, and Anne Bonny is killed in an attempt to shield Laurent.



6 AFTER a fierce fight, Laurent frees his friends, and Don Juan dies from a knife wound. Laurent and his bride set sail to start a new life together away in the Carolinas.

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SET in the days when buccaneers challenged Spain's claims in the Caribbean Sea, BKO's technicolor film, "The Spanish Main," stars Paul Henreid as a gentleman pirate, Maureen O'Hara as a Spanish beauty, and Walter Slezak as the brutal Governor of New Granada. A full-sized Spanish galleon and a seventeenth-century brig were built for the film.

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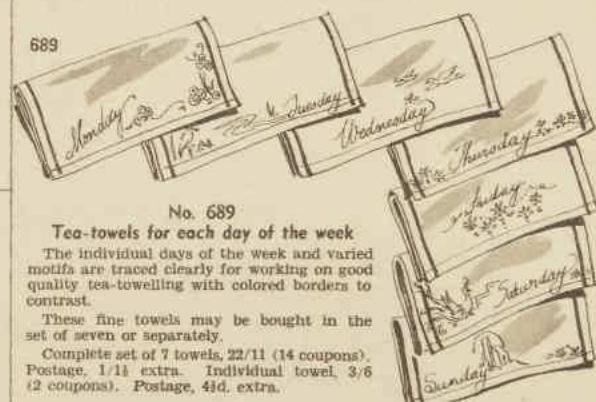
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/11 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 85/3 (17 coupons). Postage, 1.9/- extra.

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**KRAFT CHEESE**



By OLWEN FRANCIS  
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

• A salad or light hot savory, fresh fruit, a milk drink—these are the wise woman's choice for her midday meal.

**K**EEP to a lunch-hour routine like your husband does and your children at school or at work. This is your time for relaxation, time for light, nourishing food. Try, too, a walk in the garden or round the block, well away from your work.

If you do all your own fetching and carrying you will not be looking for walks; sit with your feet up and a cushion behind your back, and enjoy your meal from a tray.

Industrial statistics prove that where adequate time is taken for luncheon, and adequate feeding facilities are available, there is less incidence of industrial fatigue, working accidents, and absenteeism. Mothers please note.

Midday is also a fine time for entertaining intimate friends. Luncheon is always a simple meal, and delightful little menus can be created for entertaining with pleasure and little expense.

#### CHEESE SOUFFLE

Makes a perfect little menu, followed by an iced fruit compote and black coffee.

One oz. butter or substitute, 10z. flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup finely grated cheese, 3 eggs, 1/8th teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard.

Melt butter, stir in flour, cooking one minute without browning. Stir in milk gradually, cooking slowly until thick and smooth. Add the cheese and the egg-yolks, beaten with the pepper, salt, and mustard. Stir in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased oven dish (souffle dish, pie dish, or casserole). Stand in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350deg F.) for 45 minutes or until delicately browned and firm to touch. Serve at once, garnished with crisp parsley sprigs.

**HOT LAMB AND CUCUMBER BOATS**  
(Serve with crisp Melba toast and follow with fresh fruit and miniature honey whole-meal scones and iced coffee.)

Three young green cucumbers, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1/2 cups cooked minced lamb, 3 tablespoons tomato juice, pepper and salt, 1 cup hot water or stock.

Wash cucumbers, peel thinly, score with fork, cut in halves lengthwise, and remove seeds and soft part with a fork. Chop onion finely and saute 5 minutes in hot fat. Stir in flour, lamb, and tomato juice. Season to taste and fill into cucumber boats. Place in baking dish, add hot water or stock, cover and bake in a moderate oven (375deg F.) for 20 minutes. Serve hot, dusted with chopped parsley. For four to six.

#### FLUFFY CORN OMELET

(Try with wafer ham sandwiches and a long, cool fruit drink.)

Four eggs, 3 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 to 1/2 cups cooked sweet corn, little butter or substitute.

Beat the egg-yolks until thick, beating in water, pepper, salt, and parsley. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites, mixing lightly but thoroughly. Melt just enough fat in bottom of frying pan (9 inch) or omelet pan to grease the bottom and sides of the pan. Turn the mixture into the pan and cook



over a slow heat until it is puffy and light brown underneath. Loosen edges with a round-topped knife. Slip under hot griller until top is dry and lightly browned, and mixture evenly cooked throughout. Cover with hot corn, fold in two, pressing lightly with egg slice. Slip onto a hot dish and serve at once. For two or three.

#### ICED CURRY

(Use a white meat, arrange on a bed of crisp salad greens, and serve with fruit chutney.)

Two cups minced cooked chicken, rabbit, or lamb, 1 cup grated apple, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 cup cooked rice or noodles or short-length spaghetti, 1 dessertspoon or to taste curry powder, 1 cup mayonnaise, pepper, and salt.

Mix meat, apple, mint, onion, and rice or noodles. Blend curry powder with mayonnaise and stir into the meat mixture. Season to taste. Chill and serve on a bed of crisp lettuce. Salad fruits such as iced pineapple slices or peach pair well with this curry. Garnish with small lemon wedges and parsley. For four to six.

#### SCALLOPED MARROW

(Light and creamy, with a crisp savory crust of grated cheese.)

Two cups cubed cooked marrow, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1/2 cups good white sauce, 1

tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Combine marrow, quartered eggs, white sauce, and parsley. Turn into greased scallop dishes or small casserole. Top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg F.) until browned on top. For three or four.

#### LAMBS' TONGUES CONCHITA

(Moist and spicy meat dressed with capicum mayonnaise and served with chilled green peas and corn in lettuce cups.)

Six lambs' tongues, 1 onion stuck with 4 cloves, small bouquet of herbs (2 or 3 sprigs parsley, sage, thyme), 1 cup salad dressing, 2 tablespoons chopped red capicum, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon or less chopped onion, 1 lb. green peas, 2 young corn cobs, 1 lettuce, 2 tomatoes.

Blanch tongues in boiling water, rinse in cold water. Cover with warm water; add clove-stuck onion and herbs, and simmer gently 11 hours. Rinse in cold water and remove skins and slice each tongue in two lengthwise. Combine salad dressing, capicum, parsley, and onion. Cook green peas, seasoning lightly with salt, sugar, and mint. Cook corn and strip from cob. Mix peas and corn, and chill. Arrange cold tongues on salad platter, with lettuce, green peas and corn, and sliced tomatoes. Dressing may be served separately or on meat.

## School Luncheon Programme

THE school cafeteria has become an essential part of postwar planning.

It must be considered as a preventive measure, making clinics for the treatment of pathological conditions resulting from malnutrition unnecessary.

Extensive experiment and research in U.S.A. and England on results of school luncheon programmes show that when the programmes were closely followed students showed less afternoon fatigue, attendance records improved, and behaviour problems in general were lessened.

Statistics from school medical records show weight and growth improvements are evident in those children who regularly take advantage of school luncheon facilities.

Kindergarten and elementary school children acquire wholesome health habits, such as washing their hands before lunch,

good posture at table, the eating with enjoyment of correctly prepared salads and vegetables.

In most experimental or established school luncheon centres the cafeteria is directed by the home economics teacher, assisted by a woman trained in nutrition, purchasing, restaurant records and cooking. In addition, kitchen assistants are employed up to six hours a day, and usually senior pupils act as checkers and cashiers, receiving payment by free meals.

Meanwhile, while the child is taking the packaged lunch to school, it is essential that this should be parcelled attractively; sandwiches should be made from whole-meal bread; cheese, egg, and nut-butter spreads are recommended, and one piece of fruit should be included. Children should be encouraged to take the fullest advantage of school milk supplies.

**SALAD CONCHITA** of spicy lambs' tongues, capicum mayonnaise, and young green peas and juicy corn in crisp lettuce . . . fruit and iced milk also on menu.

#### LENTEN SALAD PLATTER

(Mixed cheese wedges, iced pears, dusted with cinnamon, red and green cabbage, finely shredded, crisp, and drenched with sharp clear dressing.)

Two oz. Cheddar-type cheese, 2oz. Gorgonzola-type cheese, 2oz. cream cheese, 1 cup finely shredded white cabbage, 1 cup finely shredded red cabbage, 1 dessertspoon or less finely chopped onion or shallot, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 chilled pear halves, dusting of cinnamon.

Slice Cheddar and Gorgonzola cheeses and roll cream cheese into balls. The cream cheese may be rolled in chopped parsley or nuts. Mix the red and white cabbage. Make a dressing by combining onion, salad oil, vinegar, sugar, and salt, and combine with the cabbage. Arrange cheese, cabbage, and pears on salad platter, dusting the pears with cinnamon just before serving. For four.

#### TROPICAL SALAD

(A luscious arrangement of salad fruits on lettuce, served with a sharp creamy dressing.)

One lettuce, 2 cups iced melon cubes, 2 slices chilled pineapple, 4 slices juicy orange, celery curds, 1 cup salad cream, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, good pinch powdered cloves, pinch of cinnamon or powdered ginger.

Crisp lettuce, separating leaves. Chill the fruit, cut pineapple slices in halves. Combine salad cream, lemon juice, chopped mint, clove, and ginger, correcting seasoning to taste. Arrange fruits and lettuce on platter. Garnish with celery curds and serve dressing separately. For four.

#### FRUIT SUMMER BETTY

(A warm-weather sweet of fruit, fruit juice and breadcrumbs, lightly spiced and chilled . . . memorable when made with loganberries or raspberries.)

Two cups stewed fruit (as apple, rhubarb, loganberry), 1 cup fruit juice (sweetened during cooking of fruit), 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground orange rind.

Combine all ingredients and correct sweetening to taste with sugar or honey. Bake in a covered dish in a moderate oven (375deg F.) for about 40 minutes. Chill. May be served hot. May be served with custard or ice-cream. For four to six.



Melbourne Cricket Ground 1864

**ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA**

Above is an impression, based on an early print, of the famous Melbourne Cricket Ground which in March 1877 was the scene of the first official Test Match between England and Australia.

According to reports, the first Test Match was a gala event, reaching a peak of interest on St. Patrick's Day, Saturday 17th March, 1877, when the ground was filled with 10,000 spectators.

Following a further Australian victory at The Oval on August 29th, 1882, the "Sporting Times" (known more familiarly as the "Pink 'Un") published its classic epitaph to English cricket on September 12th, 1882. Complete with black-edged border, the epitaph read, "In affectionate remembrance of English cricket . . . the body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia." Hence was born the term "The Ashes," which has identified every series of English and Australian Test matches since that date.

Since the first Test was played, in 1877 Australia has won 57 matches, England 53, and 31 have been drawn. The last series before the war was played in England in 1938, in which Australia was successful in retaining the Ashes.

Although the fact is not recorded, it is more than probable that Swallow & Ariell biscuits were served to the teams during the customary refreshment breaks in at least the early Tests, for the famous firm of Swallow & Ariell was the pioneer biscuit bakers of Australia, and its products were as highly regarded then as they are today.

**SWALLOW & ARIELL**

LIMITED

LEADERS IN THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY SINCE 1854  
MAKERS ALSO OF THE FAMOUS SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDING, CAKES AND ICE CREAM

**Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes**

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods? No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no stomach. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood stream. It attacks the bronchitis, promotes free easy breathing, and brings sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

**No Asthma in 2 Years**

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. McCall, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, had lost 40 lbs. suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco

stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

**Money Back Guarantee**

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work stimulating your blood and helping nature release you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty bottle and the money you paid will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

**RELIEVES ASTHMA****Mendaco**

Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-.



FOR HER health's sake, Adele Jergens (Columbia) begins her day with orange juice or grapefruit.

**Five prize savory dishes**

• Each one of these is a little gem. Each one would grace any menu from breakfast to supper, for everyday meal or special occasion.

READERS are reminded that this page is reserved for recipes shared by home-makers. Cash prizes are awarded weekly.

**BAKED WHOLE FISH**

Six small whole fish, 1 cup salad oil, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 cups fried bread cubes with oil.

Have fish cleaned and trimmed, but leave whole. Cover with marinade made from salad oil, lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Prepare the stuffing by dipping small bread cubes in salad oil seasoned with garlic, 1 teaspoon to 1 cup oil, or onion, and browning in pan or oven; mix with chopped celery and season lightly. Remove fish from marinade, stuff and secure with skewers. Place in shallow baking dish, pour over a little marinade. Bake in fairly hot oven until the flesh is white, flaky and still moist, about 30 minutes. Baste once or twice with the marinade during baking.

First Prize of £1 to Miss D. Locke, "Harmony," Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

**SMOKED BARRACOUTA**

One and 1/2 lbs. smoked barracouta, 3 potatoes, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, salt, 1 lb. peas, 3 eggs, 1 pint white sauce.

Wash the fish well in cold water, rinsing several times. Cut into service-sized portions. Place in a pan of boiling, unsalted water, and simmer gently for 10 minutes. Boil and cream the potatoes and whip into them the grated cheese and parsley. Cook the peas and poach the eggs. Serve the fish piping hot, mask with white sauce, and topped with poached eggs, together with the creamed potatoes and peas. For three.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Boniface, Cooper's Plains, Brisbane.

**MOULDED SPINACH SALAD WITH STUFFED EGGS**

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work stimulating your blood and helping nature release you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty bottle and the money you paid will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Shred spinach finely, cook in very little water until tender. Drain off liquid, reserving for use. Chop spinach very finely, it may be rubbed through a coarse sieve. Make up the spinach stock to 2 cups with



SCALLOPED FISH with crisp slaw, tossed in oil and lemon dressing. In a scalloped dish the food and sauce are in layers, the top crumbed and the whole baked until lightly browned and bubbling.

hot water in which the gelatine has been dissolved. Add vinegar and lemon juice and season further to taste. A few drops of onion juice may be added. Add the liquid to the spinach and set in a mould. Hard boil eggs, cut lengthwise, and remove yolks. Cream yolks with butter, chopped pickle, a little dry mustard, and pepper and salt to taste; pile back into whites and garnish top with chilli or parsley. Turn aspic from mould on to salad platter. Surround with stuffed eggs and potato salad. Serve very cold. For four.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Christie, Headland Rd., Deewhy, N.S.W.

**SAVORY APRICOT SALAD**

Fresh apricots, powdered ginger, chopped peanuts, mayonnaise, lettuce wedges, celery curls, grated carrots.

Chill the apricots, halve, and remove stones. Dip in mayonnaise and toss in chopped peanuts and dust lightly with powdered ginger. Choose a firm, close-set lettuce and cut in wedges. Pile freshly grated carrots in centre of salad dish. Arrange lettuce wedges radiating from the grated carrots. Arrange the nutty apricots and celery curls or wafer-thin slices of onion between the lettuce wedges. Assemble just before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Winterbottom, Chesterfield Mincha, Vic.

**TOASTED SANDWICHES**

Eight slices of bread, sandwich thickness and stale or fresh, butter, 1 lb. cheese, salt, pepper, mixed mustard, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, salad oil.

Make four cheese sandwiches, seasoning in making with pepper, salt, and mustard. Beat eggs with milk. Cut each sandwich in two. Dip in egg mixture, moistening each side. Fry gently in enough salad oil to cover bottom of pan, until both sides are lightly browned and cheese begins to melt. For four.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Vernon, 28a The Avenue, Windsor St, Vic.



And because they are strong and creamy, Hansen's may be depended upon to set TWO pints of firm JUNKET every time.

Hansen's British Junket Tablets give you milk in its most palatable form, a creamy, summer dish the whole family will enjoy.

Order Hansen's by name. Grocers everywhere have ample supplies.

**HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS****LIFEGUARD SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK**

Australia's Best



to revel in the delightful cream-like lather of Cuticura Soap, it keeps his tender skin healthy and exquisitely soft and velvety.

One of the famous trio-Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder.

250g

Cuticura SOAP



# It's no miracle



THAT ALL THESE GOOD THINGS COME FROM ONE BOTTLE OF MYNOR

## IT'S ECONOMICAL

ONE WHOLE GALLON from just one bottle of Mynor Fruit Cup! And that's not all... MYNOR also gives you... all the goodness, all the health and the taste of fresh fruit — of the finest sun-ripened Australian Oranges, Lemons, Passion-Fruit and Pineapples. All this in just one bottle of MYNOR FRUIT CUP!



## IT'S EASY TO MAKE

IT'S CHILD'S PLAY... it's as simple as falling off a log... there's nothing to it. We could go on for hours, but 'twould serve no purpose when all we have to say is... to make MYNOR FRUIT CUP... You simply add the Iced Water!



## IT'S THE FAMILY FAVOURITE

MYNOR FRUIT CUP is the family favourite drink because: It's delicious... it's health-giving and grown-ups as well as children love the taste of fresh fruit in MYNOR FRUIT CUP... Smarten up your puddings, pies and tarts with a dash of MYNOR... Add MYNOR to your fillings, icings, sauces and jellies.



## IT'S FULL OF VITAMINS

Those three stalwarts of the Vitamin family:  
 A... for normal growth.  
 B... where there's Vitamin B there'll be less irritability and jitters,  
 C... for protection against infection.

FREE... A MYNOR RECIPE BOOK! 85 delightful recipes for cakes, pies, sweets, sauces, icings and fillings. All tested and endorsed by the Home Service Section of the Australian Gas Light Company. For your copy send your name and address "with 1d stamp to:

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...it's Mynor  
FRUIT CUP

M170

## Cutex will come back again!

A limited quantity of Cutex is now available, principally in "Colorless" and "Natural," with a small amount of the famous "Crème" shades.

Ingredients of the high standard which make Cutex the world's most famous nail polish are still in short supply, and the manufacturers will never depart from the use of the finest materials and the process developed after years of laboratory research.

As soon as possible, however, Cutex, the longest wearing, most economical nail polish, will be back in full supply in the complete range of fashionable shades . . . the choice of smart women all over the world. Meantime, use your Cutex for special occasions and safeguard it by keeping the bottle neck clean and the cap tightly screwed down.

**CUTEX**  
MANICURE



*Shaving's no joke  
Believe me!*



It's first shave . . . it's a major operation . . . something new . . . remember all his life! If he starts right—a good razor, good shaving cream, a good lather . . . and a good shave, he'll remember that a good shave is something that's up to him. The first necessity . . . even before he picks up his razor . . . is a good shaving cream! Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream IS JUST THAT.

*A Good Shaving Cream.  
It's The Best!*

The Menthol in the cream cools his face, KEEPS IT COOL AND FRESH, AND DRIES AWAY WITH ALL SORENESS AND IRRITATION. For his first shave start him using Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream, and you'll do him a lifetime service . . . for he'll always use it . . . and enjoys his shaving.

And tell his Dad about Potter's Menthol Shaving Cream, too . . . He's never tried anything just as good . . . it's the newest, most wonderful discovery in Shaving Cream luxury. He never knew anything like it when he was young. It's obtainable only at your chemists.

**POTTER'S Menthol SHAVING CREAM**

*IT'S MENTHOL-COOL*

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd.

**"In the very best of  
Health"**

### TESTIMONY

Mr.—wrote: "Long hours at heavy work with little sleep brought on terrible headaches, and I always felt fatigued. Phyllosan tablets did me good right from the first."

### CONFIRMATION

(20 months later)  
Mr.—wrote again: "I have continued taking Phyllosan as a preventive against nervous strain, and I have remained in the very best of health. They are marvellous."

The revitalising effect of a course of 'Phyllosan' tablets must be experienced to be appreciated. Many thousands owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets. If you take 'Phyllosan' tablets regularly, we believe the results will astonish you.

Start taking

# PHYLLOSAN

helps to keep you fit after forty

*'Phyllosan' tablets are obtainable of all Chemists and Stores  
The registered trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London*

## From America.



INTERESTING. Here you see a most attractive dining alcove in living-room of model American home which opens off a well-appointed kitchen. The smartly upholstered built-in bench runs the full length of window area. Built-in shelves above dining area add to corner charm. Note, too, the built-in shelves at left, housing silver, glass, and fine china; also the floral and potted plant decoration of outside window sill.

## Washable hat... fresh as a daisy

• This chalk-white creation, with its fluted brim and neat little crown, is made all in one piece from a few ounces of knitting cotton.

THIS snappy little hat will offset your summer clothes to perfection, and give them that smart, fresh-as-paint look.

You may like to wear it at all of the angles illustrated below, but, if the shape of your face will not allow this, choose the one that suits you best.

By removing band and ribbon inside, it can be boiled on washing day with your other whites. It should be dried over a billy-can and the brim finger-waved into shape again.

Materials: 3oz. (3 spools) chalk-white knitting cotton, 1 crochet hook size 0, 1yd. ribbon 1½in. wide for band, 1yd. ribbon 1in. wide for head lining.

Hat is made in one piece and the same stitch only is used throughout, i.e., double crochet.

Begin at centre crown by making 4 ch. and forming into a circle. Now proceed as follows:—

Make 6 d.c. into this circle, and increase in the next round thus: 1 d.c. into first st., then 2 d.c. into next st. Continue like this for the complete round. Do 6 rounds without inc. then inc. as before. Keep working like this until the crown of the hat measures 6in. across, then do not inc. any more, but continue to work round and round as before for 24 more rounds.

Now commence brim of hat thus: 2 d.c. into every st., i.e., doubling the number of stitches in the round. Do 18 rounds and finish off.

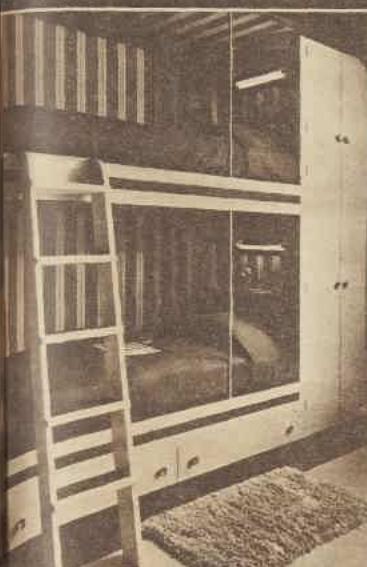
To crochet band for back make 11 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into 10 sts. of ch., 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into 10 d.c. Continue in this way until work measures required length.

To stiffen hat, dip in raw starch and dry over bottom of a billy-can to keep crown in shape. Sew the white ribbon inside the hat with a tacking stitch, and put band on.



MAKE IT AND WEAR IT.—Here's the cute little hat in crochet worn at three angles. Set on the back of head as shown above, it makes a very pretty picture. Note how well it frames the face. At left, straight, it gives the effect of an old-time "boater." At top left: The forward tilt.

## BUILT-IN FEATURES



SPACE-SAVING. The double bunks, shown above, is an ancient device for increasing sleeping accommodation without adding rooms, very popular to-day in America.



MODERN TOUCH. Wireless unit in living room (right) has a high built-in speaker with record player below under fold-up lid.



PROVOCATIVE. "Bringing the outdoors in" becomes a reality when provision for actual planting within the building is made an integral part of the design. In this case a whole window is given over to a miniature garden. Planting pockets as built-in features of a home are becoming quite the craze in America. In some instances, provision is made for tubbed plants. These are set into the floor with concrete. Proper drainage is allowed for. These permanent features add greatly to the decorative charm of a home.



"Fast? Why not... it never leaves dirt-catching scratches!"

Scratchy cleansers slow you down—because every tiny scratch holds dirt—and that means extra scrubbing. Bon Ami is different! It's smooth and fine, doesn't scratch, yet it removes grease like magic. Polishes, too—leave a shiny-satin finish you'll be proud of. And Bon Ami is a true friend to lovely hands. Save time safely—with speedy Bon Ami!

P. S. Bon Ami comes in both Cake and Powder form.



Now don't upset yourself Olga. There must be some explanation

Oh it's not only that. He's been coming home late night after night...



Look Sir, it's only our fashion buyer, if Olga might know. At the working of night, well... there's no improvement to an home. Olga changed so.



Works your only real Olga—and you could win him away from it. You always used Lifebuoy before you were married—remember?



"BO... how awful! I'm going with after this and using Lifebuoy, with its special health ingredient. I don't know who I ever changed!"



Quite like old times, eh Olga! You writes the smartest and sweetest girl in the room!

THE ONE  
SOAP  
SPECIALLY  
MADE TO  
STOP "BO"



W.149.2

**Writing Desk**

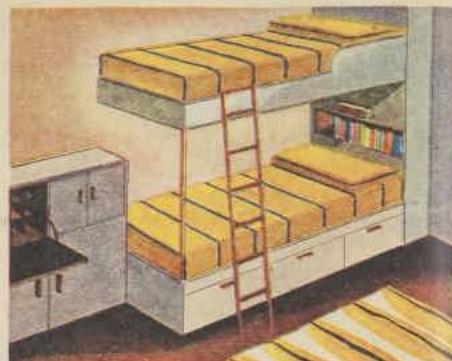
For the man who must "take work home"; for the wife with letters to write, and for young junior at his studies, Masonite has designed this up-to-the-minute desk. It's constructed of Masonite Preswood finished in clear lacquer, wax or in any colour to suit the room. A hinged cover keeps the desk tidy-looking—even when it isn't!

**Fire Surround with Wood & Coal Cupboard**

A "pull-out" hinged container looks after your coal or coke. The compartment at the top is for kindling and split wood. No more hikes to the coal heap when you should be peacefully "toasting your toes." The fuel is there as you want it . . . but it doesn't intrude. With the exception of the coal and coke container, the whole is constructed of Masonite.

**Built-in Bunks, Cupboards, Homework Desk**

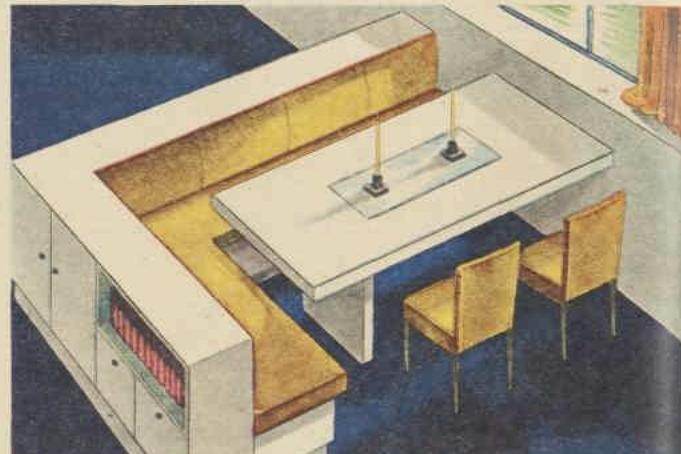
As an interesting and sensible solution to problems created when children must share a room, Masonite suggests these attractive built-in bunks. Easy to build if you use Masonite. Strong and rigid. The homework desk with its handy cupboard gives the practical finishing touch.



# 6 Ways Masonite can help make your home more "livable"

**Double-sided Storage Wall**

Still another variation of the famous Masonite Storage Wall . . . this time with sliding doors. It is built of 3/16" Masonite Preswood — shelves and all. You finish it in any desired colour. Even the radio is in-built. A great space-saver with infinite possibilities.

**Built-in Dining Area with Bookshelves & Storage Cupboards**

Another excellent space-saver for your new home or for an additional room in your present place. In an existing home where a dining room is provided, Masonite suggests that you build a dining area in the living room. Masonite makes the job both easy and inexpensive.

**Ironing and Sewing Centre**

A Masonite idea which will make you actually *like* ironing and sewing. It's an attractive neat and business-like work-centre at which both jobs can be done with a minimum of fatigue. As the illustration shows, both ironing boards are hinged to fold into the table tops.

**Masonite** is the perfect medium for the expression of space-saving, home-beautifying ingenuity. Easily worked with ordinary tools, "finishable" in any colour scheme, fabricated in just the right thicknesses for the job in hand, these steel-strong, satin-smooth all-wood boards solve every interior building problem.

Priority demands for Masonite still make it difficult to obtain, but your personal requirements will be met as speedily as possible. Meanwhile, *plan* in Masonite. It is literally "the wonder board of 1,000 uses."

**PRESWOOD  
TEMPERED  
PRESWOOD**



Manufactured by: MASONITE CORPORATION (AUST.) LTD., Northern Sales Division, 369 Pitt St., Sydney; Southern Sales Division, 529 Collins St., Melbourne



## Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to study for a Worth-while Career for Yourself. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Whatever your interest—whatever your need—SEND THE COUPON for particulars of one of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing  
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Commercial English  
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AGE .....



HERE THEY ARE, the babes in the wood of story-tale fame. The little girl's skirt is red, bow on hair green; boy has red trousers, green tie, both have matching green shoes and white jerseys.

## To delight little people . . . MAKE THEM! BABES IN THE WOOD:

Even if you've never attempted toys before you'll easily make these cute "babies" from scraps

**H**ERE are the easy-to-follow directions. To make the head, use shiny surface of old pink underwear as wrong side, cut out a circle, using a plate 7 in. in diameter as guide. Run a thread round this and enclose in it a "snowball" of cotton-wool about the size of a small apple. Draw up thread and fasten off firmly.

For body, cut a rectangle of underwear 5 in. by 7 in.; fold 7 in. side to form a rectangle 5 in. by 3 in.

Machine one long and one short side of this, leaving one short side undone for stuffing. Roll a piece of cotton-wool large enough to fill all but 3 in. at top, which turn in and oversew.

For neck, cut a strip 1 in. deep and about 5 in. long. Pin this round a filled Sylo reel, to measure width of neck. Slide off Sylo reel and machine. Press Sylo reel on to centre of oversewn top of body and draw around with pencil, to mark position of neck.

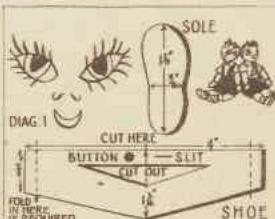
**How to attach the neck**  
THEN slip-stitch neck on to pencil line, with seam at centre back. A small roll of cotton-wool 1 in. deep by diameter of Sylo reel fills the neck. Press this down until it is 3 in. to 1 in. high and very firm. Gather up top edge of neck and fasten off.

Now press head firmly against neck, keeping head's gathered edge at back, where hair will cover it. Slip-stitch head on to neck, making sure that this is about 1 in. at front and lower at back. This means that the face is at an angle looking up.

Legs are two rectangles of fabric, cut on the bias, 5 in. by 6 in. Fold each lengthwise and machine 6 in. side; run machining off in a curve towards fold at finish. Arms are the same, but they each measure 4 in. long and 3 in. wide before folding.

Stuff arms and legs and oversew tops, turning in edges with seam at back. Oversew legs on to body, with seam at back. Sew on arms with seam at underarm.

**Note**—These dolls were designed for bias-cut satin, but if other fabric cut straight on the grain is used, make legs 4 in. by 3 in. and arms 4 in. by 3 in. Turnings are inclusive and should be 1 in. wide. If stockinette stretches more in one direction



DIAG. 1  
FOLD IN HERE  
REQUISITE  
CUT HERE  
BUTTON • SLIT  
CUT OUT  
SHOT

DIAGRAM to aid you in making. Eyes, nose, mouth have been reduced to about a fourth of the original size of each toy.

tion, use that for width of limbs and body.

Both faces—Lay a sheet of stiff white paper under pattern of eye given in diagram 1. Pencil around outline for impression of pattern. To make eyes, cut two whites and gum on to face half-way down head, and one eye's-width apart.

Similarly, cut out irises from blue material and gum on to eye whites. Press with warm iron. With pen and black ink, mark in pupils of eyes, lashes and nostrils. For mouth cut out small, curved piece of red material and gum on to face.

**Hair for Boy**—Cut a 5 in. circle of thin skiver leather (or chamois), sew round head and arrange a dart at parting. A small piece of leather sews on forehead and clipped suggests strands of hair. Ears are penny-size circles of pink fabric gathered and sewn into slits in hair on a level with eyes.

**Hair for Girl**—As above, but make circle size of a saucer; turn back and overcast on to head, so that a "brim" of leather is left all round. Clip this into scallops and clip each of these spirally to form curly. Tack these back and finish with bows.

### Dressing the dolls

**JERSEYS** for both dolls are made from tops of old tennis socks, with short sleeves added. Trousers are made from a rectangle of fabric folded round the doll. Cut a slit between the legs and oversew edges. Give boy a 1 in. wide ribbon tie.

For a kilt, iron into pleats a straight strip of fabric, wrap round the girl doll for measure; then machine on to a strip of ribbon. Add strips of ribbon and fasten with press-stud.

Socks, made from the foot of old tennis socks, are cut the same shape as legs, but only half as long. Cut shoes as in pattern; oversew on wrong side and turn. Cut paper pattern first and wrap round leg for size. A slit in the straps and a button on each make fastenings.

Dab powder rouge on cheeks.

## NERVY, RUNDOWN

### MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN



Extra minerals in BIDOMAK will build you up. Make this 14 day, no-risk test, and see how quickly you regain health, good spirits and feel on top of the world again.

A husband who is irritable and edgy can't concentrate on his work and has no energy for enjoyment and a wife worries, has sleepless nights and finds the housework getting on her nerves. A youngster who is nervous, lacks vigour, and just picks at his food—these people are really half-wick but they don't realize it. They need the extra minerals and extra minerals that BIDOMAK will give them. BIDOMAK is guaranteed to do this in 14 days, or even nothing.

and here's the reason.

#### BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Such diseases are often caused by the impurified blood stream, starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, and contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone, and tissue in your body.

#### MINERAL STARVATION MAY CAUSE MANY DISORDERS

A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many disorders, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles". Weakness, languor, indolence, irritability, depressed feelings, brain fat, memory, concentration, some common forms of headache, and stomach troubles.

#### NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral de-

ficency disappear, and you regain health as a natural consequence. The minerals which are peripherated BIDOMAK contain in their glycerophosphates and inorganic acids of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added Calcium, Potassium and manganese with an appropriate food. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

#### QUICK IMPROVEMENT

If you are suffering from mineral deficiency, BIDOMAK will make you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You find that "right" feeling again in your body. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally, and you wake refreshed. Instead of "wound-up" mentally and tired physically, the minerals are balanced up—as a natural result of revitalising nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich red blood cells.

#### NO RISK TEST

Try a pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days. If you do not feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and you cannot be refused on return of the money you paid within 14 days of purchase. The place to buy is the Douglas Drug Co., Geelong, Street, Spain. Get your bottle of BIDOMAK to-day.



#### THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY.

## Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.

### CATARRH WAS GETTING HER DOWN



By attacking the cause— the Catarrhal germs in the blood stream—"Vaxos" unlike other medicines gets to the seat of the trouble. It not only brings quick relief but builds up immunity for up to two years from Catarrh, Influenza, Hay Fever, Chronic Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Atrum and Sinus troubles. Don't suffer needlessly. Obtain "Vaxos" from your Chemist to-day. Large size (24 c.c.'s), six weeks' treatment for chronic cases, 21/- Medium size (15 c.c.'s), three weeks' treatment for acute cases, 12/6.

## VAXOS NO. 1 ORAL VACCINE

Vaccine Products (Aust.), 582 Little Collins St., Melbourne, C.1.

## Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify your blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the depths, many people have disturbed nights. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect kidney condition and lose valuable rest.

When disorder of kidney function permits nitrogenous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, constipation and diarrhea.

Doctors advise you to see your Chemist or store for Doan's Backache Pill. It's a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give sleepy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate potassium waste from your blood. Get Doan's Backache Pill.

*Let his Dream come True!*



A. G. C. Illustration

Give him a Malvern Star, "just like Oppy's." Think of him riding to school, on his very own Malvern Star, the world's super cycle, the envy of his admiring schoolmates. Remember the kick you got out of your first bicycle? Then let his dream come true!

Nothing could give him more healthful pleasure than a sparkling new Malvern Star, GUARANTEED FOREVER. Make sure of early delivery by calling in and placing your order today at any Malvern Star Branch or Agency throughout Australia.

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